

Inside S.F. Jails:
A Film Report

PAGE 24

Banks Chisel Millions
on Federal Tax Money

PAGE 11

Special Holiday/New Year
Entertainment Guide

PAGE 20

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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'THE FRISCO KID' A NEW S.F. NOVEL

Revisiting the Hip 50s;
Grass, Beats, Jazz
and all That

Extracts From the Novel
By Jerry Kamstra

I'm living in a loft on Roach Alley in San Francisco. San Francisco is the end of America and Roach Alley is the end of San Francisco. A roach is also the butt-end of a marijuana cigarette, which is nice. San Francisco and Roach Alley and America are littered a mile deep with the butt-ends of marijuana cigarettes. I contribute my share, puffing gleefully away at midnight, in the dawn, at noontime, puffing like an antedeluvian steam engine and tossing the roaches out the window into the street with a flick of my finger. People go by and stare and I don't care. I'm high on my roaches and Roach Alley and San Francisco. I'm especially high on San Francisco, a crazy, mixed-up, roach-tossing Frisco Kid.

To know America you've got to stand in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge. You haven't experienced America, the sheer, obscene power of it, until you've stood in the middle of the Golden Gate and listened to its roar. The Brooklyn Bridge won't do, nor will any of those other Hart Crane bridges back on the worn-out Eastern shore; they're part of another time, another epoch, really, and the songs they sing are not the songs I sing. The America they sing is another country, a country gone like the water that flows through the Golden Gate in San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge is the new America! It is the new America risen out of the ashes of the old, an America tottering on the edge of the apocalypse, so wild, so insane, so intense, frenetic, schizophrenic, perverted, fucked-up and Free! that all the angels—San Francisco angels—open their wings in delight and deliver themselves, *are themselves*, when they discover that magical flight! The Golden Gate Bridge is the new America in all its tensile strength, two hundred million people hacking and scraping and swabbing at the flecks of rust showing through, spreading paint over the cracks and creaks and hidden flaws, wrapping their own lives around the stresses and strains that are invisible to the ordinary tourist. The Golden Gate Bridge is the shivering, wind-whipped wand connecting two worlds; the old one of pastoral peace and old men in back-country shoes and the new one of highstepping young sons who march off their time in dreams and songs and endless vistas. Frankie jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge yesterday. We bury her tomorrow.

I wonder what a person thinks about when he's on that trip down? Suspended animation. That delicious edge of life. The crack between two worlds, as the Yaquis say, plunging down toward the water at one hundred and twenty miles an hour—but in reality suspended, the body still, inanimate. Everything else is



Walter Chappell and family

Photo by Blaine Ellis

whirring past: the bridge cables, the traffic, the old fort, the waves, the world. Even under water the voyage continues, another dimension is entered; fishes pass, seaweeds swirl; the body enters into the *real* world, the world of *extra sense*, where it belongs, really, where it began; the end and beginning of all our West Coast San Francisco dreams.

Another kid took Frankie's leap. He said, "Good-bye, loves," to passing strangers and dropped like an arrow over the bridge railing. Something fucked up, though. He didn't enter that other dimension. He fell like a pellet into the crystalline sea under the bridge and bobbed up beside a small fishing boat waving his hands. Not a scratch. God's children. They smoke their dope and drop their acid and do what they want, fling themselves off bridges, ride steaming locomotives into dark tunnels, fly through the air in Golden Gate Park. The whole history of the fabulous new race is hidden under the mile-high litter of roaches outside my window.

We're going to bury Frankie tomorrow. It will be informal, a pauper's funeral like all the rest. Frankie's body is still in the morgue. We don't need Frankie's body to have the funeral. All we need is the memory of Frankie and the memory of that leap. The leap is etched in my mind like a protracted incision across my

brain. I saw that leap in Frankie's eyes long before she walked out on Golden Gate Bridge. Frankie was jumping when I first laid eyes on her in Milton's loft. She was a going, gone chick with insanity in her eyes and an inconsolable fire on her face. When I think of Frankie I think of that distance between bridge and water that I felt the first time I saw her. I didn't tell anyone what I saw, not even myself. It's something you see, and when your vision becomes reality you look back and know what you saw. Maybe Milton saw it, too. He acted like he did. When he spread his hands around the nape of Frankie's neck and pulled her face down to his, maybe he saw. Maybe Frankie's leap was reflected back out of Milton's eyes, a leap all the way across the pupil, down into the iris, a leap splashing under the cornea and getting swept away in the tide of filaments and nerves. If Milton saw it he never let on. Now that I think about it, though, I know that Milton saw it. He saw it the same as I did, a distance between bridge and water, a distance that held everything apart.

Frankie's funeral will be held in Golden Gate Park among the bushes and shrubs and grass. Milton and me and Little Joe and a few others will stand around in a circle and pass a joint. I'll bring a jug of sweet wine

Continued on Page 2

The Frisco Kid: A Guy Who Hangs Around

—Continued from previous page—

and that'll go around, too. The memory of Frankie will disappear with the sweet wine and the marijuana smoke. The roaches will join the millions of roaches outside on the sidewalk underneath my window on Roach Alley. Years later, when archaeologists explore the ruins, they'll discover the history of North Beach San Francisco written on bits and pieces of Zig Zag paper, stratified on Wheatstraw like ancient geological sediment. It'll be the history of America and San Francisco and Roach Alley and North Beach and Frankie and her leap off the Golden Gate Bridge. It'll also be the history of The Frisco Kid. Let me tell you.

The Frisco Kid is a guy who hangs around, who drinks wine in the park with the rest of the guys, who leans and dreams on street corners, who walks the streets at all hours of the day and night, who listens to the Bay bells and buoys, who prowls Market Street and the Embarcadero and the Tenderloin, who wanders in and out of all the small alleys of San Francisco, who senses every heartbeat and solace, who sips coffee from cups that sit napkin-padded in saucers in Foster's Cafeteria, who knows the Hotel Wentley and the San Gattardo Hotel and Bouncer's Bar on Townsend Street and Brush Alley and Coit Tower and the top of Russian Hill and Nob Hill and Telegraph Hill; who can name all the buildings on Jessie Street, who knows the park and all the secret little glens and glades in the park, who can call out the names of obscure Chinamen in Chinatown, who knows Edsel at Sam Wo's and Kelly and Mr. Hum, who knows which bakery on Grant Avenue gives free bread, which salami factory to go to for free rolls of salami, which market to hit on for throwaways, which produce dealers can be counted on not to complain when a few bunches of grapes are missing from their early morning boxes; The Frisco Kid knows which hotels will give a free flop when it rains, or, barring that, which buildings are deserted and will offer solitude, a place to sleep and a place to score. The Frisco Kid is part of San Francisco. He loves it like the fog that comes sweeping in under the bridge in the late afternoon, he's there like the city itself, mute, white, inviolable. One day I was showing Zeke around San Francisco, I was describing the city to him. "You sound like The Frisco Kid," Zeke said. "You talk just like The Frisco Kid."

The history of The Frisco Kid is a history of days spent sitting in Washington Square drinking wine, of talking with friends, of walking the streets, of listening, breathing, being. It is a history of following gulls as they wing and sway, midnights and mornings and drifting days, of quiet afternoons on The Beach with Frankie, and when not with Frankie, thinking of Frankie. If this doesn't interest you, turn away from these pages. This book is not for you.

To get to Roach Alley, you walk down Columbus to Pacific and then left to Davis Street where it abuts the Embarcadero. I searched all over America for Roach Alley. I lived in a thousand different pads before I found my home among the warehouses and lofts and abandoned storefronts on the waterfront of North Beach San Francisco. Frankie knew where Roach Alley was all along. When I asked her about it, she said I had to find it for myself. When she said that, I grabbed her arm. She laughed and ran down Pacific Street and ducked into Roach Alley. I ran after her and found Roach Alley and I've been living here ever since. I'm not going to leave. When I die, my bones will join those of the rest of the tribe out there in the alley, buried deep in roaches, the sediment and strata of hard times.

My loft has giant windows that look out over the street. When I stand at the windows I can see the world going by. On the side of my loft opposite the windows, there's a white brick wall that lends a certain ambience to my life. The white brick wall is my calmness, stability resides in those painted bricks. At night, I lay my head on my pillow and watch the lights of the city flashing on the white brick wall and it soothes me, like the sound of foghorns and ships approaching harbor at night. The far dark end of my loft is an indescribable array of abandoned equipment and junk and old machinery. I intend to revitalize the abandoned equipment, reconstruct it into a system of giant dynamos and generators that will pulse the secret electric Roach Alley energy out into the rest of the city, harness the latent power that lurks in the husks and remnants of the disemboweled rotors and engines and burnt-out generators.

At night, I stand at my windows and watch the street below me erupt into life. Roach Alley is quiet until midnight; then lurching, still-sleepy lumpers stagger in from all parts of the city in their Frisco jeans and hickory shirts to join the coiled winos unwinding from that afternoon's drunk, limping among the brick buildings and wrought-iron warehouses with their scabby chins and torn ears in search of work, hanging around to help lump a truck, hoist and haul the crates of vegetables and fruit, eating their first solid meal of the day between loads, slipping portions and handfuls and half-crates of grapes and peaches and oranges into the alleys behind the sheds for later, stocking up a fresh fruit breakfast for tomorrow.

All evening I stand at my windows watching the trucks come in, giant monsters with names like MACK and PETERBILT and INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER. The trucks wheel in from the San Joaquin Valley with

loads of tomatoes and potatoes and fruit. PETERBILT. I like that one. It sounds like a personal creation. I can see Peter standing beside his truck, greasy overalls and a wrench in his hand; it's a work of art. PETERBILT is a good name for a truck.

Before the rigs arrive, the lumpers and winos and young out-of-work kids stand around the oil-drum swapping lies, wander into the tiny all-night cafes for coffee, stagger out again when the Jimmy from Modesto carrying twenty tons of peaches thunders down the street; the driver casual and serious at the same time, slouched over the wheel of his rig with a damn-it-all-if-I-ain't-here-in-San Francisco-again expression, each chrome-wheeled pinstriped buffed and polished rig a manifestation of the individual teamster sitting inside, the \$40,000 truck an extension of the driver himself as he double-clutches up the street and swings wide, knocking the brownie down a gear as he does so, positioning himself for backing up; the assistant driver leaping out to guide if necessary;



Photo by Bob Snyder

Linda Lovely

the driver looking first in the right and then the left mirror, easing the clutch out while a hundred pairs of supercritical wino eyes watch; the forty-five foot trailer slipping in among the other tight-packed rigs with a sigh and touching the loading dock with a soft bump; the co-driver leaping up on the dock and unlocking the rear doors and pulling the rolling ramp out in what seems to be one swift touch. . . the winos and lumpers and kids standing around looking foolish until the first crates roll down the ramp, then two or three of them chosen by the driver hustling boxes onto the docks in five-high stacks, ripping open a few samples, grinding into the load and working feverishly as the crates grow up around them like nocturnal plants that thrive on the split wood

and cracked beams of the old produce sheds and warehouses. Between shifts, a wino slips down to Spadelee's grocery store with a borrowed dollar and buys a fifth of Valley of the Moon sherry, nipping it during lulls and passing it around to the others so the next guy'll pass his around, too. While the lumpers and extras hustle the loads out of the trucks, the drivers stand around on the docks looking boss-like and unconcerned, talk among themselves and laugh as they zip matches under their thighs to light butts, tossing the burnt-out matches into the street.

Roach Alley is in the heart of San Francisco's produce market. When the rest of the city is going to sleep, Roach Alley is just waking up. That's how I like it. That's why Frankie led me here. In the early dawn after all the trucks are unloaded and gone and the oil-drum fires are cold, the lumpers and out-of-work kids drift away and the winos stand around in front of Spadelee's grocery store with their bottles of tokay. When the sun comes up from behind the Berkeley Hills, the streets are quiet, the doors of the tiny all-night cafes closed.

I record scenes as they happen, everything included, nothing altered or left out: a surrealistic North Beach San Francisco Sunday afternoon, stratified and fluid at the same time, a montage of changing generations, Sundays we sit in Washington Square Park. I see the same images today that stand stiffly at attention in hundred-year-old library photographs, pre-earthquake San Francisco, Italian-eyed gentlemen's brigades helpfully holding small children's hands. My eyes blink and sixty years slide by, small boyvoices chirp biggishly among the benches. In the poet's corner everyone comes and goes, changelings with sleeping bags racked shoulder-wise, sparechangers conning coinless compatriots, harvesting every streetcorner. For us the center is not Wichita, Kansas nor even the Center of the Universe in Hopiland, it is here in North Beach San Francisco; here the wine drinkers and poets assemble like tribal chieftains, sit crosslegged and sip, pass jugs of wine and smoke the pipe of peace. Here are poets enough for everyone, souls with words; all clans and parties represented, huddling together in Washington Square Park into the late afternoon. When dusk settles blanketlike over the square the churchbells resound, accentuating each soul of us, driving us like religious pegs deep into the grass, stations of the cross that sound the sandy bottom of the bay lying beneath our feet. When we have sounded, nothing remains, we hunker together with our winewords and roaches. . .

I was loinklocked in an erotic dream when I heard the distant sound of drumbeats. My dream was delicious torture, like someone dropping two pound pudendums on my forehead. Every time a pudendum dropped, drums banged behind my ears. Pudom! Pudom! I blinked and struggled up from under the weight of descending pudendums. Hoya! Hoya! Hoya! I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

"Hey, Kid!"

I tossed under my blankets and lifted my head. On my white brick wall I saw flickering Indian shadows dancing.

"Hey Kid, wake up!"

I watched dancing shadows flicker. I was dreaming drumbeats; seeing Sioux fiercely painted counting coups against retreating bluecoats, repeating rifles repeating.

Time Out

It's Guardian winter vacation time. We'll be skipping the next issue and will publish again Jan. 18. Don't forget that the deadline for advertising for the next issue will be Jan. 12. See you then.

THE SAN FRANCISCO

BAY GUARDIAN

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(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861)

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THIS ISSUE: Vol. 7 No. 6; through January 17, 1973



The Frisco Kid: Gambolling in Roach Alley

"Kid! Hey, Kid!"

I climbed out of bed and staggered over to the windows. Feathers and drums. Taos Pueblo has invaded Roach Alley. Walter's face beamed drunkenly up. Walter was sitting on the top of a jeep that was surrounded by four dancing Indians. The Indians in turn were surrounded by gaping lumpers and secretaries and truck drivers from the produce market. From atop the jeep Walter whooped, holding a bottle aloft. "Hoya, hoyo, hoyo," he cried as the Indians circled around the jeep. Walter rose unsteadily to his feet, cupped his hand and aimed his voice at my window. "Hey Kid, wake up!" He tipped the jug to his lips and slipped slowly down, his butt bouncing off the jeep top. The jug never left his lips. As he bounced off the roof he continued beating his pudom! on the metal jeep top.

For a moment I had an overwhelming urge to close my loft window and go back to bed. Walter. Ack, what can I say? I was excited by the prospect of seeing him but... Then I felt contrite. What's wrong with Walter and four drunken Indians at four a.m. in Roach Alley among the lumpers, secretaries and truck drivers and International Harvesters? It's an everyday experience. Yet Walter is not an everyday experience. I slipped on my levis. Walter's an insane, mad, crazy genius with large hands that grasp onto and hold everything in sight, drunk and careening from bar to bar where no girl or wife or anyone is safe, and whoever's with him has to act as guardian, watch over and protect not only Walter but also the wives and girls and the bar and the street and the cars on the street and so on etcetera into the early morning dawn. Walter's a rumbling volcano. You stand beside him trying to hold a mountainside up.

I walked downstairs. The Indians were still circling the jeep and Walter was crouched on the jeep's hood. A truck driver who'd just pulled in from Modesto with a twenty-ton rig full of grapes stared from the street corner. Walter danced on the hood and then careened off, sliding liquid-like onto the fender, thumping his stick as he went. He arched slowly over the fender bonging his stick steadily against the hood, headlight, bumper, plopping softly onto the pavement. From the ground he continued beating his stick, each shuffle of the Indians' feet accompanied by the metallic pudom! Two of the Indians attempted to hoist Walter up by the shoulders but he wrenched himself loose from their grasp and threw his drumstick in the air. "Kid!" he cried. "Hoya! Hoya! Hoya!"

He rushed forward and grabbed me, kissing me on the mouth. It felt very strange. It's disconcerting to be kissed by a man. It's like being kissed by a hundred-year-old grandmother with thumbtacks on her chin. I eased out of his grasp.

"Kid! It's you! You're here! I've come all the way from Taos! Hoya, hoyo, hoyo! What the fuck...!" Walter collapsed in my arms. I looked at the Indians helplessly. The four of them stared at me. "Ugh, you helpum carry upstairs," I said, in my best pidgin-Indian.

"Crazy, man, you lead the way," the tallest Indian said.

We carried Walter upstairs and put him to bed. I went back downstairs to find Walter's drumstick. I looked up and down Roach Alley to see if any palefaces were following. At the end of the alley it looked like two Fords and a Chevy had nosed together in a circle but it was only shadows. I expected to see the secretaries and lumpers and truck drivers gathering at the redoubt, but they had all gone back to work. When I climbed back upstairs Walter was asleep and the Indians were swinging from the rafters.

JoJay, Jose, Joselito, and Trinidad Archelito have set up their teepee at the far end of my loft. It looks

weird surrounded by all the used machinery, a handsewn deerskin teepee rising up out of the junk and mechanical clap-trap of modern America. JoJay, Jose, Joselito, and Trinidad Archelito sit inside the teepee all day long beating drums and drinking beer. Occasionally JoJay lights a joint and gazes at the walls with heavy-lidded eyes.

JoJay says Mama Archelito loved the name Joe so much she couldn't stop naming her sons Joe. She named the youngest son Trinidad for effect. JoJay, Jose, Joselito, and Trinidad Archelito are four brothers from Taos Pueblo and they've come to San Francisco with Walter to dance and make music. Walter has lined up a show at the Art Institute for his *America Needs Indians* sensorium.

"America needs Indians, Kid," Walter explained. "America doesn't know how much it needs Indians."

Walter loves Indians. Walter was living in Big Sur leading a happy life taking photographs, and one day while visiting Berkeley two thugs jumped out of a car



Photo by Fortunato Luis Clementi

Paddy O'Sullivan

and hit him in the face with a tire iron. As a consequence of that act Walter lost his front teeth, moved to Taos, New Mexico and started loving Indians. "I lost my teeth but I gained Indians," Walter said, smiling with an edge to it. "I am very glad to have lost my teeth."

Walter's *America Needs Indians* sensorium is composed of JoJay and Jose and Joselito and Trinidad Archelito dancing, drumming, singing, chanting while Walter plays the piano. It's all recorded on tapes with overdubbing and redubbings and slides and posters and lots of feathers. "It's designed to get you into the Indian's mind for one evening," Walter explained. "An Indian's mind is a very curious place."

"I believe what you are saying, Walter," I said.

"Hoya hoyo hoyo," Walter nodded in satisfaction.

Walter says JoJay and his brothers are magic Indians. I believe him. JoJay starts each day by blowing on a whistle made from the hollow wingbone of an eagle.

—INTRODUCTION By Jess Ritter—

I had to get out of the house to write this introduction to Jerry Kamstra's novel, picking my way through the dog crap in the grass of Potrero Hill's Vermont Park to sit under the sad, funereal cypress trees. I had to sit like the Frisco Kid to stare moodily at the stark white outlines of San Francisco out there, at the red towers of the Golden Gate Bridge and the slumbering blue bulk of Mt. Tamalpais to the north: this last best hope of America's cities bathed in the clear warm November sunshine.

Which is really a test of the novel's—any novel's—power. Reading it, I look at San Francisco, America's cities and myself forever a little differently.

The episodic structure and tumbling narrative of "The Frisco Kid" disconcerted several publishing house editors, a problem resulting in one contract dissolved by the author to retain the book's inner integrity. What is clear to the careful reader is that the novel's structure is justified by its central purpose: a psychological and literal tour guide of San Francisco's North Beach through the 1950s and early 60s that becomes by Kamstra's extension a road map of the rutted American highway from Selma, Alabama past Woodstock to Altamont and Sharon Tate's Laurel Canyon mansion.

Being Americans, Kamstra says, we crazy visionaries had to keep traveling, noting the body counts along the way, westering to stand like The Kid's Frankie before the Golden Gate Bridge pondering which route—across or down?

Jerry Kamstra has been turning in the North Beach-Big Sur axis for seventeen years, keeping on by abalone fishing, salmon fishing, running a trucking company in Big Sur and yes, smuggling weed from Mexico "to support a writing habit." (A bust and "paying his debt to society" ended the last venture, all of which is combined with an inside story of the weed industry in Mexico in his book "Acapulco Gold," scheduled for spring publication by Bantam Books.)

Two years ago Jerry Kamstra sat down and wrote "The Frisco Kid" straight through. We find that fictionally he came out the door opened by Walt Whitman and Nelson Algren. He writes with an unconfined, raw poetic power that celebrates the born losers and dubious winners in those not-so-silent battles raging in the terrain of the American Heart.

I am pleased that the Guardian is printing this advance excerpt from "The Frisco Kid." It seems to me perfectly in keeping with the Guardian's consistent efforts to provide in-depth coverage of Bay Area politics, social events and arts.

The author gave me a free hand to pull out sections of the novel which, in my mind, best represent the style and dimensions of "The Frisco Kid." After the opening eight pages, the selections appear in admittedly abrupt sequence, wrenched as they are from an astonishingly fertile context, scenes built with cumulative power, inhabited by a swarming gallery of characters like Hube the Cube, Shoeshine Devine, Linda Lovely and so on.

When "The Frisco Kid" makes its way (soon we all

"It has to be the left wingbone," Walter explained. "That's the wing that points down toward the center of the earth when an eagle flies around in a circle. It's a holy bone."

The piercing noise of JoJay's holy hollow left wingbone of an eagle whistle wakes up everybody in Roach Alley. Then JoJay's brothers start with their drums.

I've learned that JoJay's magic works. Yesterday Mr. Tagliani came by to investigate the racket in my loft. Mr. Tagliani has had numerous complaints. JoJay took Mr. Tagliani by the arm and showed him the teepee and the drums. Mr. Tagliani touched the deerskin teepee with the tips of his fingers, then peeked inside the flap. At JoJay's urging he stepped inside the teepee and sat down on the sheepskin rug. Inside the teepee is a subdued light that is reflected from my white brick wall. The light envelops the interior of the teepee with a soft resonance, highlighting the pictographs JoJay has painted around the base of the teepee. Mr. Tagliani sat on the deerskin rug for a long time. He reached up and touched the feathers hanging from a thong inside the teepee. He tapped his fingertips gently on JoJay's goat-skin drum. When Mr. Tagliani stepped outside the teepee his eyes were shining. "How much you pay the rent here, Keed?" he said. "Never you minda. You no paya that rent here coupla months. Itsa good you feex uppa the place. You doa nicea job."

Mr. Tagliani walked over to a window and stuck his head out. "Whatsa matta you people no like the drums?" he yelled up and down Roach Alley.

I feel secure because Mr. Tagliani owns all of Roach Alley.

JoJay feels good after his confrontation with Mr. Tagliani. He wants to start a new Indian campaign. He says the Indian Wars were just the first skirmish.

"We have just been sitting out between battles,"

JoJay said. "The American cavalry better watch out."

"The American cavalry doesn't exist except in old men's heads," I said.

"That's where the next battle is going to be fought," JoJay said. "In old men's heads."

San Francisco's a white city. Magic white buildings stacked up like children's blocks above eleven grey hills. From Sausalito San Francisco looks unreal. It is unreal! It's a fantasy city, fantasy people and fantasy buildings congregated on eleven grey make-believe hills above the sea. San Francisco is a milkwhite fantasy cajoling America's last dreamers west.

The Kid walks through the streets of San Francisco and is struck by the history of the city. There is so much to see, so much to understand and put down. Dig down into the ground and you will discover the relics of lost civilizations. Third and Howard is the site of the ancient temple, detritus now, buried miles deep under the concrete and plastic. Here all men go to pot, even the best of them. I salute the puke and piss of San Francisco at Third and Howard, the pisspot of the world. Men stand on the curbs and they fall, their heads cracking like eggs against the pavement. When they fall it is in slow motion, their fall taking them through the years and centuries and lives they never understood. It is a *cinema verite* camera in slow motion and technicolor, the red of the blood and the pucegreen vomit spreading over the ground in soft, delicate shadows.

I think of San Francisco and I think of Mexico City and Paris. Both cities are older than San Francisco, and both are newer, younger cities by comparison. San Francisco is the new Bonampac, a curious display of

Continued next page

hope) to your corner Walgreen book rack I predict it will become another "Catcher in the Rye" or "On the Road" event—a novel that puzzles and discomfites the critics but bought by kids all over the country to be carried in hitch-hiker's knapsacks and in the hip pockets of faded blue jeans everywhere.

In 20 years of reading fiction manuscripts, this is the best first novel I have ever read. Now meet the Frisco Kid, who puts it this way:

"I am trying to inscribe upon the head of a pin the entire history of a unique race; a race unique because it is so maligned, so egalitarian, so democratic, so perverse, so unimaginable! that the pin itself must be withdrawn from the heart, the blood wiped off, the surface burnished, cleansed with a thousand incredible romances, a million walks, countless heartbreaks, recollections and regrets. I am trying to describe the history of something I knew. I am trying to make tangible a race, an idea conceived extra-terrestrially, on the moon, in the farthest reaches of space! I am trying to set down the first blueprints for the age of rebellion, that heartless, unregenerative task for making memory ring true. When I look out of my Roach Alley windows I see the entire history of my race inscribed on the head of a pin, the pin is a point, the point is embedded in my veins, the veins of my childhood. What I see is the sweeping arch of a bridge, a city that doesn't exist, a race of men monstrous in their duplicity, a girl suspended, like time, between bridge and water."

The Frisco Kid: Visions Outside America

— Continued from previous page —

frescoes and wall paintings dug out of the lush, tropical jungles of the modern age. The city's halls and alleys are a mystery to everyone, unfathomable, a giant riddle carved along the continent's westernmost edge, a riddle that can only be understood by a race from another planet—with that vision—like the Nasca script that's drawn along Peru's forgotten steppes, a sign language decipherable only from the distance between stars.

At night when I wander through San Francisco's streets I think of what Jack Micheline said: "This city ain't America, it's Baghdad; it's Shangri-la! It's perfect and I ain't perfect. I gotta go back to New York, back to the pit where people are human, where they hate each other, it's the only America I understand."

I walk through the streets and alleys of San Francisco and I realize that Jack is right, San Francisco is not America, it's what's left of America! It's Custer's Last Stand at Land's End! It's the Great Wall of China of America's forgotten promises! Here in San Francisco have gathered all of society's children, space-age drop-outs from the American dream, Horatio Algers in reverse, descending from riches to rags and gathering now on the corners of Grant and Green in their beads and spangles and marijuana smoke to watch the entire structure crumble; here in the streets of San Francisco the last battle will be fought; here the machines will descend to commence the Psychedelic Wars. San Francisco is the modern-day Peloponnesus and the Psychedelic Wars will be the modern-day Peloponnesian Wars. Here in San Francisco the children with their expanded minds and psychedelic rayguns will stand up with their pot-smoke against the teargas and napalm and olive-drab steel of The Establishment's guns; the distant rumblings are already heard, the tanks are gathering on the outskirts, the police squads command the corners, barbed wire unwinds across the parks; the teargas and pot-smoke mingle and float out under the Golden Gate Bridge in the afternoon fog.

I walk through the streets of North Beach San Francisco and I see the native militia preparing for battle; the new Children's Crusade parades in the streets toking on joints, injecting methedrine into their veins. The Psychedelic Wars will be chemical warfare; the Thirty Tyrants will become Thirty Million Tyrants, a Hundred and Thirty Million Tyrants! They will leave their fiftieth floor penthouse apartments and stockbrokers' chambers and descend into the streets to wipe out the last bastion of promise in their children's eyes; they will close the book of dreams, lock all the doors, dismantle the bridge, concrete the parks, drain the bay and transform San Francisco into the real America! A post-mechanical, anti-humanistic maelstrom of rigidity and decay. When San Francisco dies, the history of America will be complete. It will be the history of an unknown race preserved on charred bones and plastic IBM tape.

Dennis the Booster came by to help me stock up on supplies for the wedding. He is the uncrowned champion booster of North Beach. Dennis the Booster can boost the wart off a cop's nose.

JoJay was very interested in learning some of Dennis the Booster's techniques. "What is your secret, Dennis?" he asked.

"The important thing is to create a diversion, always create a diversion and never stand out."

Dennis the Booster doesn't stand out. He's five-foot seven, blond, blue-eyed, bland, freckled, one hundred percent red-blooded American kid on the corner stock.

"I don't know if I go along with that one hundred percent red-blooded American bit," JoJay said.

"It's a figure of speech, JoJay," I said.

"Always act natural," Dennis the Booster continued. "If possible, work in pairs. In some stores it's better to work alone but usually it's best to work in pairs. That way one person can create a diversion while the other one takes care of business."

"That's the way Indians work. We create a diversion and then move in for the kill."

"A German named Clauswitz wrote about it many years ago," I said.

"You're too well read, Kid. He must have picked it up from the Indians."

"As a matter of fact, JoJay, I think he did."

"Always wear something natural," Dennis said.

"Don't wear any of those kooky costumes like a lot of the kids are wearing nowadays. Except sometimes it's good for the diversionary partner to wear a kooky costume because that creates a good diversion."

"Just like the Indian wars," JoJay said.

"It is a war, JoJay," I said. "Our empty bellies against the supermarkets."

"If you work in pairs, always enter the store separately. It's best to enter through different doors, don't be seen together and don't nod or recognize one another. However, you don't have to conspicuously avoid one another if your business takes you down the same aisle. If there's a detective working the store he'll keep his eye on the kook, that's the way they think." Dennis the Booster removed a carton of cigarettes from under his coat and passed it around. "Take a couple of packs, they're courtesy of Safeway."

"It's like the oldtime Indians raiding the white man's stores," JoJay said, helping himself to two packages of

cigarettes. "Does the store detective carry a repeating rifle?"

"I prefer to think of it in terms of poaching," Dennis the Booster said. "The supermarket's the King's Forest and we are lowly poachers forced to slay the King's deer."

"Those are reasonable terms to think of it in," JoJay said. "And if you change the term 'King's Forest' to 'Indian Lands', then you will see that your work follows in a long tradition."

"You have a hangup, don't you, JoJay?" Dennis the Booster said.

"Only when I come to the big city," JoJay answered.

"What should you wear when you boost?" I asked.

"That depends on what you want to boost. Personally, I like to wear this blue flight jacket for a number of reasons. First, although it's relatively tight-fitting, underneath it is quite bulky. A lot of things can fit under here." Dennis the Booster opened his flight jacket and stuck his left hand under his right armpit.

"Never put anything in your pockets. That's the way an amateur boosts. Conspicuous bulges are dead giveaways and besides, if you're really serious about developing the craft, you'll soon realize that ordinary pockets don't hold much."

"What about unordinary pockets?" I said.

"Extraordinary pockets I like to call them," Dennis the Booster said. He removed his flight jacket and held it open. In the back there was a small slit in the lining.

"The whole lining is one large pocket. I've carried up to ten steaks at one time out of Safeway inside this pocket."

"Extraordinary," JoJay said.

Dennis the Booster smiled modestly. "When you're boosting, it's very easy to walk by a counter and casually pick up a steak and slip it under your arm. The movement must be quick, hesitation at the counter might draw undue attention to you, especially if you don't look like a regular shopper."

Dennis the Booster stood up and demonstrated his trick with a book. He walked across the floor to my bookshelf and casually removed two or three books from the shelf. In a trice, without JoJay or I seeing, he had the books under his jacket and continued walking.

"Once you have the steaks under your arm it's nothing to slip them around to the lining pocket. You can bend over to look at an object on a lower shelf and simply slide the steaks around. It's quite easy."

"You do it very well," JoJay said.

"A craftsman takes pride in his work," Dennis the Booster said.

"If you're not going to boost many items, sometimes it's best just to leave the objects under your arm, always maintaining a freedom of movement so you don't appear suspicious." Dennis the Booster walked around the loft with a large book under his arm, swinging his arm back and forth as he walked. It looked very natural.

"One of my important rules is to always make a small purchase and go through the checkout line, that way you have justification for being in the store."

"You palefaces are smart," JoJay said. "An Indian could never learn these things."

"That's why the Indians are on the reservations," Dennis the Booster said. "They don't know how to steal properly."

JoJay elected to be the diversionary tactician. He went into his teepee to put on his diversionary outfit. When he came out he was a new man.

"This is my costume," he said.

"It's not the vision I had," Dennis the Booster said.

"Do you think it will work?" I said.

"I could add a few bells," JoJay said.

JoJay was covered with feathers from head to foot. He had eagle feathers tied to his knees, his ankles, his belt and his arms, and a feather headdress that trailed down his back to the floor. When he extended his arms they looked like large eagle wings.

"These are sacred feathers," JoJay explained. "When I wear them nothing can go wrong."

"Perhaps a few bells would add something," Dennis the Booster said.

JoJay got some bells from his teepee and tied them around his ankles. When he walked, he rang.

"It gives quite an effect," Dennis the Booster said.

"Do you think it will create a diversion?" JoJay asked.

"Yes," I said. "I think it will create a diversion."

JoJay, Dennis the Booster and I walked down Columbus Avenue toward Safeway. While we walked, Dennis the Booster instructed us further in his art.

"In a sense my art is the art of survival. It's a matter of finding out where the enemy keeps his stores, choosing the ones you need and wham! taking them. I always make it a policy of staying away from the small specialty items, concentrate on things that are essential to your needs and that invite the least possibility of retaliation in case you're caught. For instance, if you boost a three-dollar can of escargot and are caught, you might have a hard time explaining to the manager of the store that you took it to feed your starving children."

"My children were raised on escargot," JoJay said. "Escargot has always been a necessary part of their diet."

"Keep him away from the escargot, will you Kid?" Dennis the Booster said.

JoJay was already creating a diversion. Three Chinese kids followed us down Columbus Ave. Each step JoJay took jingled.

"When boosting for parties I like to concentrate on the meat department," Dennis the Booster said. "Meat falls into the legitimate food category and it's usually too expensive to buy. It has the further advantage of being a good excuse item if you're caught. You can always bring up the starving kid bit."

"How do you explain ten steaks?" I said.

"He has lots of kids," JoJay offered.

"Everybody eats meat," Dennis the Booster said.

"It's one of the best things to boost."

"I like meat," JoJay said. "I want you guys to boost some buffalo steaks for me."

"That might be possible, JoJay, Safeway sells Buffalo steaks. They buy them from a ranch in Montana."

"Wait'll I tell my cousin Tell Me Good Morning," JoJay said. "An Indian stealing buffalo from the white man."

When we reached the Tic Tock Drive-In across the street from Safeway we stopped to reconnoiter. Six Chinese children sat down on the bench opposite us.

"Maybe they think it's Chinese New Year," Dennis the Booster said.

"It's going to be a good diversion," I said.

JoJay shook his feathers at the kids. They laughed and ducked their heads under the table.

"You go in first, JoJay," Dennis the Booster said.

"The Kid can enter through the opposite door and I'll follow."

"You want me to do anything in particular?" JoJay said.

"Use your imagination. I'm sure anything you do will divert them."

"Maybe I'll do my rain dance, that's always a good diversion."

"That's a good idea, JoJay. Just don't dance by the escargot."

"Or I could do my buffalo dance. That one would do good with the buffalo steaks."

"You better do a plain old cow dance because that's probably all you'll get," I said.

"Only old women do the cow dance," JoJay said.

"What are you trying to do, insult an Indian?"

"It's time to go. You first, JoJay," Dennis the Booster said.

"EEEEEEYYAAAAAaaahhooooooo. . .!" JoJay cried.

"My god, what's that?" I said.

"A war cry. Don't you white men know anything?"

JoJay walked toward the east entrance of Safeway and I walked toward the west entrance. As I entered the store I saw nine kids trailing JoJay. News of the crazy Indian had spread to the housing project across the street from Safeway and kids were running across the lot toward the store. As I pushed through the turnstile Dennis the Booster brushed past me. "Maybe Safeway will hire him to give away balloons," he said as he walked by.

JoJay pushed through the turnstile at the opposite end of the store and stood in the area between the checkout stands and the food racks ringing his bells. A herd of wide-eyed kids surrounded him. Customers and clerks gawked as he whirled and thumped on his heels. The kids laughed and turned with JoJay, enjoying the performance.

While JoJay was diverting, I walked down the aisle to the cheese display rack and casually grabbed two large Goudas off the shelf. I slipped one under my belt in back and the second one under my arm. I walked down and around the aisle toward the meat rack. I saw Dennis the Booster nonchalantly picking up his steaks, calmly examining the packages as he moved down the aisle. I adjusted the cheese under my arm and walked over to the wine counter and grabbed a small bottle of Cribari. Dennis was still standing at the meat counter. I walked to the front of the store with the bottle of wine in my hand just as JoJay wheeled down the aisle toward me followed by the laughing kids. One of the kids accidentally brushed against a display pyramid of coffee cans and the stack tumbled over, bouncing cans across the floor. JoJay and the kids wheeled past and I saw Dennis the Booster walk over to a checkout stand with his purchases. He had a half pound of hamburger and a jar of mustard in his hands.

When I reached the checkout stand I felt nervous. The cheese felt huge underneath my belt. I was sure it bulged suspiciously large. The clerk rang up my wine and I gave her a dollar. "Anything else?"

"That's all."

She gave me my change and stared at JoJay as he wheeled around the corner and started back up toward the cash registers.

"Quite a gimmick," I said. "Safeway's really getting far out."

"It must be one of them beatniks," the clerk said.

"They come in here looking like wild Indians."

"He does look like an Indian."

"They're all phonies. He probably gets an allowance from home."

"Yeah, I know. He was probably raised on escargots."

Continued on Page 6

The Frisco Kid: And Some of His Friends

Photo by Walter Chappell March 15, 1971



HISTORY OF THE FRISCO KID PHOTOGRAPH

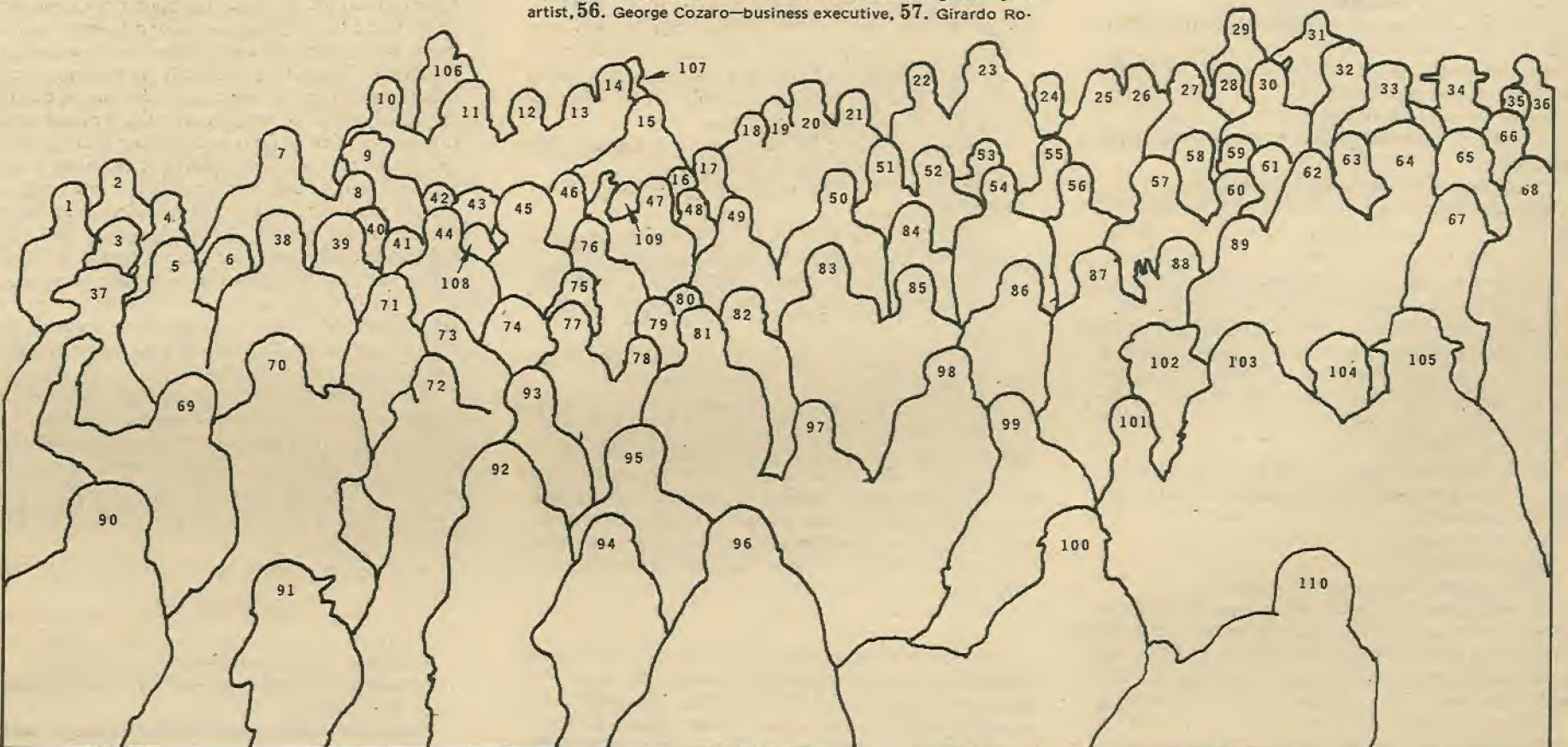
It is no mean feat convincing 150 poets, oddballs, cafe loungers, wanderers, walkers, dreamers, winos, writers, bohemians, beats, boppers and bamboozlers to show up at ten in the morning to pose for a photograph that's to be the dust jacket of a novel that most of them are characters in. It not only takes diplomacy, tact, time, money, and patience, it also takes an incredible amount of luck. When I sent out the invitations in March of 1971, I didn't know where half the people were.

I hired Johnny Woodrose (Shoeshine Devine in the book) to sweep North Beach with a pocketful of invitations with instructions that anyone who was part of the scene was invited, whether or not he appeared in the novel. I sent invitations personally to those whose addresses I had, hoping they'd show up. I expected 30 or 40 people to come; more than 170 people, most of whom never arise before noon, actually got up and staggered down to Adler Alley to be in the picture. They showed up, partly because I offered a free breakfast at Enrico's after the picture-taking, but also because they sensed that the photograph would become history.

J.K.

1. Peter Losh—bookseller, 2. Kent McCarthy—bartender, 3. Fellow Traveller, 4. Louis Collins—rare book dealer, 5. Nick Gravenites—blues musician, writer, 6. Fellow Traveller, 7. Tom Reed—worked for The Committee—old time beatnik, 8. Fellow Traveller, 9. Fellow Traveller, 10. Patrick Cassidy—abalone poacher, marijuana entrepreneur, Big Sur Chieftain, 11. Irish Tom—wanderer, 12. Jere Peacock—novelist, 13. Judy Kamstra, 14. Jerry Kamstra, 15. Ken Canal—poet, beatnik, 16. Fellow Traveller, 17. Satta—artist, 18. Hubert Leslie (Hube the Cube), 19. Renee, 20. Arthur Monroe—artist, 21. Fellow Traveller, 22. Peter Edler—writer, 23. Mike Kelley—writer, bartender, 24. Lawrence Ferlinghetti—poet publisher, 25. Mary Bodreich—photographer, poet, 26. Robert Briggs—publisher, publishing consultant, writer, 27. Mel Bowman—carpenter, artist, 28. Art Sheridan's old lady (Valerie), 29. Art Sheridan—writer, 30. Shigayoshi Marao—co-owner City Lights Bookstore, poet, translator, 31. Victor Moscoco—artist, 32. Herman Schiene—publisher, 33. Henri Lenoir—owner, Vesuvio, art collector, bohemian, 34. Milton, 35. Tom, 36. Tom's son, 37. Kell Robertson—poet, writer, musician, 38. Dean Lipton—writer, 39. John Reed—scholar, 40. Paul Strand—artist, 41. Lynn Strand, 42. Fellow Traveller, 43. Bill Denton—art dealer, collector, 44. Spenser Moore—seaman, 45. Wilhelm Jorres—importer, 46. Bob Light—outdoorsman, 47. Trader Bob—dealer in Indian artifacts, 48. Linda Gravenites—designer, 49. Larry Devers—gallery owner, dealer, 50. Frederick Roscoe—owner, Discovery Bookshop, 51. Lee Quarnstrom—journalist, novelist, 52. Stewart Jansen—artists, philosopher, drinker, 53. Carlos, 54. Francis Rigney—psychiatrist, author, 55. George Pennywell—artist, 56. George Cozaro—business executive, 57. Girardo Ro-

sal, 58. Freddie Kull—owner, The Spaghetti Factory Cafe & The Savoy Tivoli, 59. Harry Malpas—cameraman, 60. Fellow Traveller, 61. Leo Rigler—ex-owner of The Coffee Gallery, bartender, 62. Gina Berriault—novelist, short story writer, 63. Barney Gugel—scholar, drinker, 64. Leonard Gardner—novelist, 65. Bob Seider—sax player, 66. Reidar Wennesland—doctor, 67. Merge, 68. Peter Leblanc—artist, 69. Laury, 70. Wally Sands—professional drinker, raconteur, 71. Naomi Kubota, 72. Adolph—alchemist of Positano, 73. Fellow Traveller, 74. Lawrence Smith—professional walker, 75. Bambino Solo, 76. Peter Edler's old lady, 77. Fellow Traveller, 78. Lourdes' son, 79. Lourdes, 80. Gertrude Summers, 81. Al Winans—poet, publisher, 82. Martine Bowen, 83. Michael Bowen—artist, 84. Nancy Roscoe—attorney, 85. Laury Seigal—traveller, 86. Ramon Perez—songwriter, 87. Mgr. of The Cleveland Wrecking Company, 88. Little Joe, 89. Little Joe's old lady, 90. Mohammed—jeweller, importer, 91. Mohammed's son, 92. Lee, 93. Johnny Woodrose (Shoeshine Devine)—poet, songwriter, comedian, 94. Lee's daughter, 95. El Cubano, 96. Red Fred King—jazz pianist, 97. Charles Price—novelist, poet, 98. Lucas Kipp—sculptor, 99. Carol Hill—gallery owner, 100. Duke—wanderer, 101. Bob Seider—jazz musician, 102. Janis Blue (Corn silk)—poetess, folksinger, 103. Walter Chappell—photographer, musician, poet, film-maker, great drinker, 104. North Beach cop, 105. Robert Brannaman—filmmaker, writer, cartoonist, artist, 106. Eddie Prince, 107. Bernie Uroniwitz—poet, 108. Candy Denton, 109. Cliff, 110. Carl—wanderer.



The Frisco Kid: Smack Hits the Beach

- Continued from Page 4

I walked out of Safeway and crossed the street to the drive-in. Dennis the Booster was waiting.

"How'd you do?"

"I broke my old record. I got twelve steaks and a fat slice of ham."

"I got two cheeses. I was nervous as hell."

"Shit, I could have walked out of there with a shopping cart full of stuff. JoJay's a gas."

We waited for JoJay. In a few minutes he came out of the store followed by a gang of kids. "Go on, shoo!" he shouted when he reached our table.

"How'd things go, JoJay?"

JoJay shook his feathers and reached under his vest. He held up a small can. "Why didn't you guys tell me escargots were snails?"

Tokay Bill stepped out of a doorway and sat down on the edge of the curb. He was holding a jug of wine. We sat down on the curb beside him. Tokay Bill's a spade, a wanderer of the streets like us, only he has his own streets that neither McCracken nor I know. Most of the time Tokay Bill hangs around The Beach but occasionally he disappears for a week or two on a mysterious mission of his own to another part of the city, a mission no one ever asks about and that he never volunteers any information on. When he's on the Beach Tokay Bill can always be found in an alley not too far from Ben's grocery store, where he sits in the shadows drinking. Ben's grocery store is Tokay's filling station. Whenever his jug gets empty, he wanders back up Grant Avenue to the store.

Tokay's jug was full now and the neck stuck out of a paper bag. He handed the jug to me and I hit it once and handed it across to McCracken. The jug went around and ended up back in Tokay Bill's hand.

"It makes a fire inside," I said.

"Best heater in the world," Tokay Bill said.

"It's good wine," McCracken said.

"After a couple of hits, it's good even if it's bad," Tokay Bill said.

The jug circled again and then Tokay Bill held it in his hands and stood up, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet. He was wearing cut-down sneakers and his big toe stuck out. Tokay Bill has worn cut-down sneakers for as long as I can remember, and his big toe always sticks out. He must buy new ones, but for some reason they always look old. Maybe he goes down to the Salvation Army store and buys used sneakers and cuts holes in the ends of them so his big toes can stick out. "It eases my walking," he said when I asked him about it.

Tokay Bill walks with a peculiar rolling gait, like he has a long way to go and a long time to get there. This night he wasn't interested in going any place, though, so he passed the jug around again. I took the jug and tipped it and the alley lights entered my head like neon butterflies.

"Pass that jug, you bastard," McCracken said.

I handed it to him. I let my own hit flow down my throat without swallowing. When the wine hit bottom it lay there, eating a hole through my stomach. I felt the walls of my stomach churning together, like huge gloved hands congratulating themselves. The wine made me feel giddy and level-headed at the same time.

"It's a good wine-drinking night," McCracken said.

"Every night's a good wine-drinking night. I have yet to meet a night that wasn't a good wine-drinking night." Tokay Bill nodded in the dark.

"Some nights are better wine-drinking nights than others. Some nights are super-wine-drinking nights."

We talked like this for twenty minutes. Wine talk. We didn't care. When the jug was dead we'd walk up the street to Ben's grocery store and buy another pint. It was that kind of wine-drinking night.

"A Fresno Alley wine-drinking night," Tokay Bill said.

"One more jug and I'll be ready," I said. "My head will be set on just about right."

Tokay Bill nodded. He hit the jug and passed it across to me. "One more jug and you'll be at the right temperature."

"It's a drag being cold," McCracken said.

"Nobody likes to be cold," I said. "Here, warm yourself."

When the jug was empty we staggered out of Fresno Alley. I saw Frankie on the corner. She was leaning against the window in front of The Gallery. She looked sad. I walked over to her while McCracken and Tokay Bill went on to Ben's. They returned with a jug of wine. "Have a shot of this," McCracken said. He popped the top of the jug and handed it to Frankie. She took the jug and sipped from it.

"Where have you been?" I hadn't seen Frankie for a week. She looked gaunt, thin. She handed the bottle back to McCracken.

"I've been around."

"Where's Milton?"

"He's around. Taking care of business."

We walked back to Fresno Alley, passing the jug on the way. In the dark Frankie looked small. I sat down on the curb and pulled her down beside me. I had an edge on, was feeling goofy and laughed. "Gee, Frankie, it's good to see you. I haven't seen you since the wedding."

"I've been home," she said.

"I dropped by a couple of times, you weren't there."

"We went to Stinson."

"What's this, the morgue?" McCracken cried. "Where's the jug?"

Tokay Bill handed the wine to McCracken. He tipped the jug, then held it out to Frankie. "Drink this, it'll make you feel better."

"I feel fine," Frankie said.

"This'll make you feel superfine."

Frankie took the jug and sipped a little more. She handed the jug back and wiped her mouth.

"Let's go down to my place," McCracken said. "Fuck this alley shit, we can sit around a fire and get fucked up."

"Do you have any speed?" Frankie said.

"What d'you want speed for?" I said. "Are you shooting speed?"

"No," Frankie said. "I've just been chipping a little."

I had a sudden flash of dismay. Frankie's face had an edgy, empty look. The baby fat was gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were darker and her lips thinner. "Is



Photo by Bob Snyder

Coffee Gallery in 1958

Milton shooting you full of speed?" I said.

"Oh fuck you! You sound like an old grandmother."

"That motherfucker's shooting you full of speed, isn't he?"

"Hee, hee, hee," McCracken laughed. He was sitting on the curb with his elbows on his knees and his head between his legs, slowly shaking his head.

"You two are too much," he said. He lifted his head and looked at Frankie. "I've got some speed. Come up to my loft and I'll give you some."

Frankie got up and walked back toward The Gallery. "I'll see you later," she called to McCracken. She didn't look at me.

"You going to give Frankie some speed?" I looked at McCracken.

"I'm going to fuck her," McCracken said. "I'll give her a little speed."

The nice wine-edge I had was gone. "I don't want you to give her any speed."

"What's the matter with you, Kid? You getting religious or something? You bite once in a while, don't you?"

"Some people can't handle it."

McCracken looked at me. "Shit, you scored for Hube the Cube, didn't you?"

"Hube the Cube's not Frankie."

"Frankie can take care of herself," McCracken said. "She's been geezing smack with Milton for quite a while now."

"Has Milton strung Frankie out?"

"Fuck, ask her, I'm not her keeper. What's wrong with you, you bugged 'cause Milton's fucking Frankie?"

"I didn't know she was geezing smack."

"Everybody geezes smack. Frankie only chips now and then."

"She's strung out, I can tell. That asshole Milton got her on speed and now she's chipping smack."

I got up and walked out of Fresno Alley. I felt dismal. I looked back and saw McCracken and Tokay Bill still sitting on the curb. I felt hopeless. Fuck it! I'd drift with the tide. What was the use? I'd let go and float like everyone else I knew, drifters and drunks, speed-freaks and addicts, children and wastrels who moved up and down Grant Avenue like strangers, people no one knew. I kicked at the curb. It seemed impossible to touch anything.

I walked down Columbus Avenue and turned left and headed back toward the produce market. My head buzzed with the residue of tokay wine. The good feeling was gone and only the bad feeling remained. I walked towards the Embarcadero. The streets were empty, like

canyons, cold and lonely, the dark warehouses looming over me like forbidding tombstones. I felt bad about Frankie and was full of bitterness toward Milton and McCracken. Both of them were ganging up on me. Both of them were using Frankie for their own ends. When I thought this I immediately felt stupid. When it got down to it, I was out to satisfy my own ends too. That's what we were all doing, a bunch of hungry people out to satisfy our own pitiful desires. I felt hopeless against the insatiable appetite of The Beach. My mind whirled as I walked along. I really didn't even know what I was thinking, my head was full of an exasperating windmill of thoughts that seemed phony and juvenile. I realized that most of my actions were taken without thought, they were reflex actions, animal responses to the stimuli surrounding me. I didn't even know why I dug Frankie. She was just another chick, another chick on the set with eyes and mouth and ears and veins open for anything that could be stuck into them. The very idea of being on The Beach worried me. Why was I here? The life I was leading seemed empty and useless; I felt like a parasite sucking sustenance from a city and an area that had no real meaning for me, that promised nothing but despair. Yet I loved North Beach. It was a community, even though it was turning out to be a community of hopelessness. Even hopeless people are better off when they are together, even strangers are better off when they touch hands. I knew The Beach in itself wasn't bad, it was the times, the difficult sad times of mid-century America. "How many have died, Maxwell?" Tamborine said, and when he asked me I couldn't answer. Later I would be able to tell him, years later when all the corpses were stacked and counted. Now everybody seemed to be standing on the corner, waiting for something. "Why don't your friends get a decent pad, and a bed, get some basis they can build upon? They're always hanging out, they're always standing on the corner," Crow said. Crow was right. For me though, the meaning was in the people who hung around, at this stage of my life the streetcorner sitters and wine-drinking circles held more promise than anybody else. That's why I dug Frankie, she was my touchstone, she was my promise. But Frankie loved Milton. Milton was my good friend and I was beginning to hate him. He wasn't even Milton anymore, somehow he had become something else, a symbol, a degeneration of friendship, an old pal gone wrong, grown up, become the reality himself. I was beginning to hate Milton and there seemed to be nothing I could do about it. I was even beginning to hate his blackness, a blackness that followed me down the streets at night. I had never been concerned with Milton's blackness before, but now I was consumed by it. What right did that big, black bastard have to Frankie? I was white, goddammit! and I loved her! When this thought struck me, I laughed out loud. I was nothing but a white nigger. Worse than Milton, because at least Milton was out front with Frankie. Frankie knew exactly where she stood with Milton. With me she dealt with a weasel, a sly white weasel. Her heartbreak with Milton would be no more and no less than her heartbreak with me. It seemed we were all destined for heartbreaks. With one hand we accepted, grasped for strangers, and with the other hand we rejected them. I saw this in myself, the inability to sustain or nurture a relationship beyond the first few sexual thrusts. Frankie was just another chick whom I'd set my sights on, just like I'd set my sights on others, girls who, after they had been hooked, had been thrown back like small fish in the sea. I didn't understand this part of myself any more than I understood the sea. There is the need, there is the person who will fill that need, but when the stranger is no longer a stranger there is still that need.

I turned down the Embarcadero and walked in front of the looming piers. The fog tunneled into the bay like columns of an intangible army, absorbing everything by its presence. I stood between two piers and watched the fog trace its way over toward Berkeley, a silent advance, no noise from the battalions, no clatter of tanks or shouts of artillery. It was a dreadnaught whose very silence lent it a feeling of impending calamity. Shrouding myself in the fog I continued walking. I stopped beside the Balclutha, listening as the wind played through the rigging of the old, three-masted sailing ship. That's what it sounded like out at sea, I knew, back in those times when sailors stood on deck or lay half asleep in their bunks listening to that sound, the devil's breath, the whipp and whirr of wind lashing the rigging, of movement, of going and coming, and it was as strange to them in those days as it was to me now.

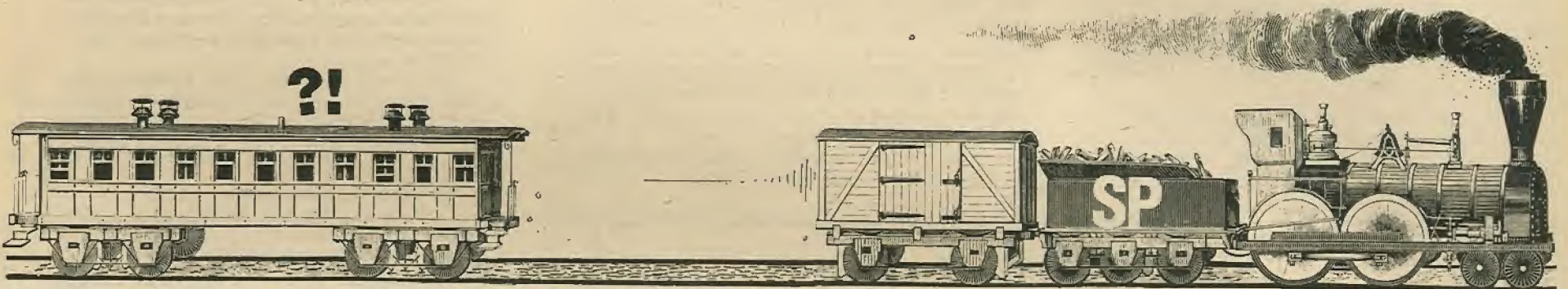
The Balclutha sat ghostly in the dark, her shrouds and furled sails seeming to hold communion among themselves. I looked for ghostly sailors in the rigging but saw only fogswirls sweeping between the masts, the dew glistening from the hawsers and the old steel hull gleaming dully in the dark. I listened for Stubb's call, but Stubb didn't call; I listened for Ahab's ivory clack, but no footsteps sounded; only the echo of the foghorn on the Golden Gate Bridge weeping mechanically in the night. □

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S.P.'s Quiet Edict:

Eliminate Peninsula Passenger Service



By William Ristow

"It has always been common knowledge that the founders of the [Calif.] railroad empire saw to it that governmental affairs on both the state and national levels were run to their satisfaction . . . Less widely realized is the fact that Southern Pacific today is successfully following in the footsteps of its founders."

—Nader Task Force report, "Power and Land in California"

The Southern Pacific Railroad, as Frank Norris put it in "The Octopus" at the turn of the century, was "that galloping monster, that terror of steel and steam."

SP, Norris reported, "had prevailed," and the California valley ranches "had been seized in the tentacles of the octopus; the iniquitous burden of extortionate freight rates had been imposed like a yoke of iron."

Today, hiding behind its shield of corporate respectability, SP is still a galloping monster. Now its target is not the small ranch owner, but the passengers who ride its trains.

The newest step in the SP campaign to wipe out passengers: it has asked the state Public Utilities Commission for a big new fare increase on its Peninsula trains, in effect moving to cut off all train links between San Francisco and Peninsula communities.

Southern Pacific let its interstate service deteriorate for years, discouraging passengers from riding it, until AMTRAK finally took over in 1971. Now, SP has a monopoly on rail rapid transit for commuters coming from the south (San Mateo county has voted down BART twice, and won't be voting again until next November), and it owns the tracks, the right of way and the equipment.

Yet it refuses to provide decent service, to advertise, to seek alternative funding, to take money from other lucrative operations in its federally subsidized billion dollar empire or to do anything at all to make travel into or out of SF easier or cheaper.

If SP gets away with its campaign to scuttle the passenger trains altogether, the effect will be to cut off the last efficient, non-polluting link between the Peninsula and SF, and pour tens of thousands more commuters a day onto the already clogged Bayshore and Junipero Serra freeways.

SP claims it has to raise fares because it loses \$2.5 million a year on its Peninsula trains (the only part of its far flung empire that loses, on a total annual revenue of some \$1.4 billion).

But it may just be that Southern Pacific, as a big conglomerate, is more interested in highways than trains. Bravo Oil is an SP subsidiary, and SP runs a major trucking business.

As a member of the Santa Clara County Transportation Commission puts it, "They may have decided they can make more money on people-moving via automobiles and freeways instead of via their trains." The argument makes sound financial sense: AAA has estimated a traveller spends at least 17¢ for each mile in a car. SP costs about 2¢ a mile on the train.

But SP wasn't given special government treatment and 6½ million acres in public lands, to pump oil, drive trucks, develop industrial parks or grow grapes. It was given the land in 1862 (to Central Pacific, its predecessor) "for the purpose of aiding in the construction of said railroad and telegraph line" to carry freight and passengers through the west.

If SP now insists on defaulting on its passenger service, then perhaps the government ought to take back that land SP is using to build its conglomerate.

And killing off its passenger service is exactly what SP plans to do with this new fare increase. By jacking

up the price without spending a cent to attract riders or improve service, SP is pushing more and more people off the trains and onto the freeways, leading to more losses and more rate hikes in a vicious circle in which the passengers and public lose at every step—until there are no trains and no passengers left.

Most riders use the trains to commute in the morning and evening, thus SP runs only a handful of midday trains and idles a huge investment in labor and equipment. G.V. Housman, SP's manager of commute service, admitted to me that many trainmen will ride in on a morning train, spend the whole day moonlighting on another job or simply on free time, then ride an evening train home—all on SP salary at union scale. The result, Housman says, is that labor is 70% of SP's costs.

The railroad could easily get around this wasted investment by attracting new midday riders: the labor and the equipment are there, virtually paid for, so each new midday passenger is gravy.

Instead, SP has targeted those profitable midday passengers for the biggest fare increases. Twenty-ride tickets, primarily for non-peak hours, would cost between 14% and 53% more under the proposal. This means a San Jose rider who now pays \$25.50 for a 20-ride ticket to SF would have to pay \$13.60 more, or \$39.10.

One way/roundtrip passengers, also midday riders, would pay as much as 30% more, while the morning and evening commuters, whose numbers necessitate extra trains and equipment, would face the lowest hike, between 6%-15%.

The rate increase figures show that SP isn't asking for an increase to cut its losses, but simply to get rid of its passengers. And the increase is just SP's attempt to apply the coup de grace of an anti-passenger campaign it has been waging for a decade.

Southern Pacific used to run interstate passenger trains as well as its Peninsula line. But, back in 1969 it was already trying to scuttle its passenger service to the north, south and east through clever schedule changes that made passengers miss connections in other cities (see Guardian, 7/10/69). AMTRAK took the long distance trains off SP's hands in 1971, leaving some 45 miles of Peninsula tracks as the last vestige of a passenger system that once went all over the west coast.

SP's calculated intention to kill this last remnant as well is crystal clear from the company's stubborn refusal to cut losses by advertising or publicizing the commute service. Isn't it incredible that, on this line where SP is constantly complaining about losses, it admits it has not spent a dime on advertising since 1961-62.

Why not? "We did considerable advertising in 1961, and 1962 . . ." Housman testified at PUC hearings on the last rate hike in July, 1971, "and it was not found that we gained sufficient revenue to offset the cost of the advertising." That "considerable advertising," Housman now says, amounted to only about \$30,000, spread among a number of Peninsula and SF newspapers.

Not surprisingly, there was no sudden passenger boom after the mini-campaign, and SP scrapped the idea of advertising its commute service for good. William Phelps of the SP information office admitted to me, though, that "you can't really tell what effect the ads had."

In the Bay Area and elsewhere, transit ads have brought enormous returns in revenue and passengers. For example, the Cleveland Transit Service (CTS), just like SP, was losing riders at a rate of 7-10% a year for 10 years. Then, last April, CTS began a three-

month, \$114,000 ad campaign using newspapers, tv, billboards and nearly 2,000 radio spots to build ridership.

"A transit ride is a consumer product," says Thompson Nooner, CTS marketing manager, "and like other consumer products must be sold in the face of the fiercest kind of competition."

CTS sold its product well. The initial campaign was so successful that the system soon ran another. Together, the ad campaigns have produced a revenue return of about \$2.70 for each \$1 invested in ads. CTS plans to spend nearly half a million dollars selling its passenger service.

Locally, Golden Gate Transit (which took over Greyhound's Marin service last January) has had similar success, boosting daily ridership from 12,000 to 20,000 in a year. Instead of trying to get rid of midday service like SP, Golden Gate is trying to increase it.

In mid-December the transit authority completed a three-month promotional campaign, handing out some 20,000 free tickets for midday use to encourage more people to ride the buses between Marin and SF in non-peak hours. Could a similar promotional campaign work for SP on the Peninsula? Yes, says Golden Gate's Jerome Kuykendall.

"The Peninsula has been a rapid growth area in the last 20 years," Kuykendall argues. "There are so many new people in the Peninsula who don't know about or appreciate SP that I think this type of campaign might be very effective."

Housman and SP aren't interested. Says Housman: "We feel our commute service is known. The local Chambers of Commerce and the Welcome Wagon people have our timetables, and they give them to people."

Even without ads, SP could do a lot more about its losses than soak its patrons every 18 months or so. Among other things, it could do what transit companies do elsewhere: encourage formation of a rapid transit district on the Peninsula that would open doors to massive federal funds for new equipment and other operating expenses.

That, of course, is a subversive course of action for SP—it would revitalize passenger service. "That's not something SP would have to initiate," Housman says of the transit district idea. "The commuters or the communities would have to do it."

In Chicago, it's quite the contrary: the Sept., 1972 issue of "Modern Railroads" magazine reports that "Illinois Central President Allan S. Boyd presented the case for establishing a regional transit system in Chicago . . . The six major railroads operating commuter systems in Chicago are urging the creation of [a mass transit district] which would merge 26 private and public commuter railroads, bus, and rapid transit companies . . ."

Larry Provo, president of Chicago and North Western RR, argued in Chicago that such a transit district "is the only way to preserve and expand public transportation with the most efficient use of available funds."

Thus, SP is faced with two successfully tested alternatives: an aggressive marketing campaign, and formation of a mass transit district. But the company continues to roll right over its passengers, and do nothing whatever to improve or save its service.

Not even SP's desire to use its tracks for its lucrative freight trains can explain the company's contempt for passengers. More and more freight goes to Oakland these days, missing the commute tracks entirely. If

Continued on next page—

SP wanted to use the Peninsula tracks for more passenger trains along with freight, it could install Centralized Traffic Control, a standard system of monitoring the tracks to allow maximum utilization.

Southern Pacific, in short, doesn't care about cost-saving alternatives; it is simply dead set on jamming its rates so high that everyone will jump off. And the PUC, which has allowed millions in rate hikes for PG&E, the phone company, Greyhound, and other utilities, has until now gone along with SP all the way and obediently granted SP four fare increases in the last ten years. Meanwhile, Article 451 of the Calif. Public Utilities Code lies on the cutting room floor of the PUC:

All charges demanded or received by any public utility . . . should be just and reasonable. Every public utility shall furnish and maintain such adequate, efficient, just and reasonable service . . . as (is) necessary to promote the safety, health, comfort and convenience of its patrons, employees and the public.

Peninsula citizens are finally making an organized attempt to fight back, making what may be their last stand against the railroad. "Southern Pacific has done a very poor job with its Peninsula trains," says Robert Stephens, Menlo Park city councilman. "It is obviously trying to phase out this service."

The cities of Menlo Park and Palo Alto have both taken official stands against the increase. In Palo Alto, Deputy City Attorney Robert Booth promises that his office will send a witness to oppose SP at the PUC.

hearings. "Much of the data presented by Southern Pacific," says Booth, "looks very uneven. Apparently no equitable treatment of passengers riding between Peninsula cities is contemplated."

State Sen. Alfred Alquist, chairman of the Senate's public utilities committee in Sacramento, wrote to a constituent that, "Considering the fact that Southern Pacific recently announced that it had the highest earnings in its history last year, a substantial increase for the peninsula service is highly questionable."

It used to be that, before SP requested rate hikes from the PUC, its executive rail car would roll down the Peninsula, stopping here in Burlingame, there in Redwood City, to wine and dine in elegance the local editors, mayors, councilmen and city attorneys.

Our commute business is in trouble, the SP chiefs would puff through their cigars, but we can keep SP in business if all you folks down here will pitch in, let us handle things and help us get our rates increased.

SP got a good press and it rarely lost a battle.

Now, while citizens man the ramparts for a last ditch stand, SP acts as though the battle is already won. The point comes through loud and clear in a recent recruiting booklet that promotes "the challenges and opportunities of the transportation industry." Its 12 pages are packed with photos of computers and trucks and freight trains and thumping phrases about how SP "truly shapes America's economic and social environment."

But not once, in the entire booklet, does Southern Pacific mention the word passenger.□

Fight Back

The state PUC has authority over SP's rates and services. SP passengers, or Peninsula citizens should write call and telegram the PUC (350 McAllister, SF) or appear at the hearings as a public witness against SP.

Points to emphasize before the PUC:

*SP's rates should be frozen, not raised, until the company embarks upon policies to increase revenue by other means. For example:

*SP should conduct a program of market research to find out how well people are aware of its services, and what service they might be attracted to.

*SP should run a promotional campaign, involving ads and perhaps reduced fares, to get more people on the trains in the middle of the day, a high-profit period.

*SP should stop dragging its feet, and work more closely with Peninsula counties to encourage formation of a rapid transit district eligible for federal funds. (So far SP has been reluctant to cooperate in any plan which has any other body running passenger trains on its tracks—even if it was fully reimbursed and its freight traffic uninterrupted.)

*In the interim, SP should be making up those losses from its conglomerate profits, not cutting back on services by closing local stations in the middle of the day.

Press the city attorneys of San Francisco and Peninsula cities to join with Palo Alto or conduct their own efforts against the SP proposed increase.

The PUC hearings, not yet scheduled, will take place early in 1973. Call the commission, 557-3914, for details.□

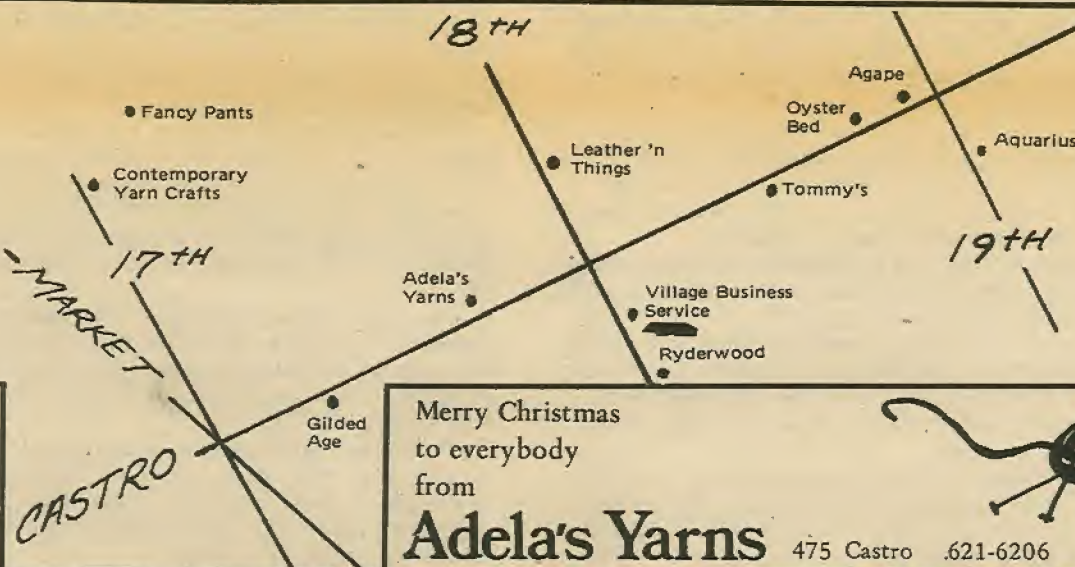
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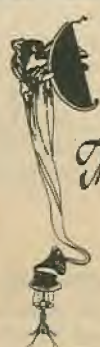
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(1882 San Francisco newspaper cartoon)
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When a witness at the 1971 PUC rate-hike hearings asked about possible savings on new train equipment, SP's financial witness replied "although there would be some savings indicated, basically what stops us is capital investment."

Here's a corporate picture of this conglomerate which can't scrape up the capital to buy a couple of passenger cars:

*Total assets of the Southern Pacific Co., holding company over the whole empire: \$3.2 billion. 1971 gross revenues: \$1.4 billion. Gross revenues on freight service alone: \$1.1 billion. (Loss on the Peninsula commute service, the only loss on SP's books, approx. \$2.5 million.)

*SP owns a total of 31 subsidiaries: 6 in land development, 3 oil pipeline firms, 9 railway companies, 4 trucking companies and 9 miscellaneous (including communications, computer, marine transport, air freight).

*SP is the largest private landowner in the state, with nearly 2.5 million acres (five times more than the second largest), and the largest in San Francisco. Only 400,000 of those acres are used for transportation (though they were all granted by Congress for the express purpose "of aiding in the construction of said railroad and telegraph line..").

The rest are used for agriculture (SP is a major Central Valley owner), grazing, timber (says Kermit Cuff, SP's chief forester: "We're making more selling trees than we could ever make selling the land"), and recreation (owns chunks of Squaw Valley and Alpine Meadows).

*SP's big oil subsidiary, Bravo Oil, contributed \$34,500 against Prop. 9, the Clean Environment Act. SP owns several oil pipelines which run underneath the SF Bay.

*In November, SP went into the vineyard business, using 1,000 acres of its land grant territory and miles of useless telegraph wire to string up the grape vines. The company is investing \$2 million (almost the amount of the commute service's loss), and expects net income of \$400,000 per year by 1975.

*SP is going into the private phone business, operating what Business Week calls "the largest private microwave hookup in the country." The system will use an investment of \$3.4 million, and will serve industries like petroleum, banking, trucking. If the system works, Business Week adds, "SP will go on to consider cable and satellite operations."

The point: This entire empire is founded on one thing, an enormous grant of land handed to SP by the government back in 1862 for the purpose of running a railroad.

SP still runs its profitable freight, but most of the land is used for everything else under the sun, from computers to grapes—and the passengers are being knocked off altogether.

From its very corporate beginnings, SP has exploited everyone within its grasp: first the tens of thousands of Chinese laborers imported for the brutal job of laying tracks over the Sierra, then the valley ranchers and towns bowled over by the octopus freight rates, now the passengers down the Peninsula. □

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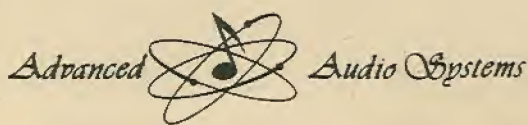
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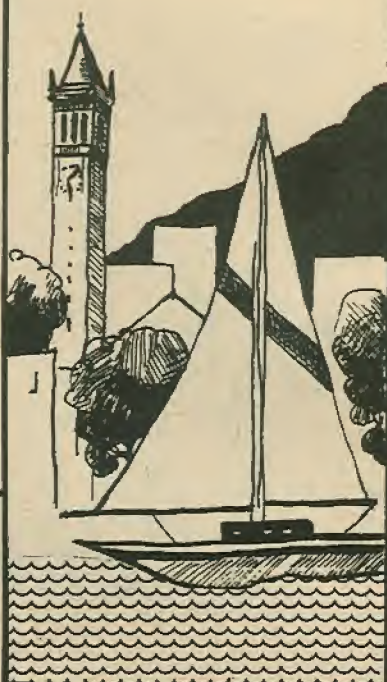


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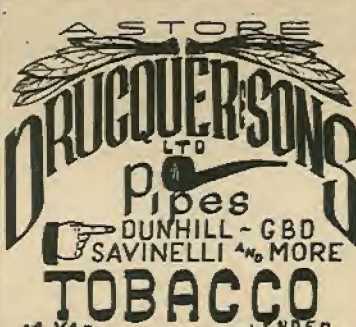
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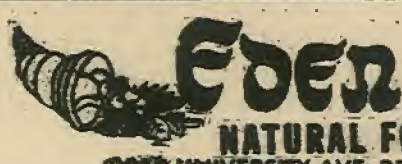
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Consumer Notes

By Marcy Kates and Carol Kroot

CALMING THE CUSTOMER

Guardian publisher Bruce Brugmann was having problems getting his local Chrysler-Plymouth dealer (at 901 Van Ness) to do warranty repairs on his new Plymouth. He called Chrysler-Plymouth "Customer Relations," a regional office where unhappy customers can complain about their local dealers. "Customer Relations" called Van Ness Chrysler-Plymouth's service manager who apologized, got the car fixed and even paid the towing fee.



So if you're having car repair problems, before you throw up your hands in disgust and call the Bureau of Automotive Repair (toll free number: (800) 952-5210), you might try calling the "Customer Relations" numbers listed below.* Some are better than others; let us know what happens if you call.

AMERICAN MOTORS: A toll free number is listed on your warranty; otherwise call 697-1720.

BRITISH MOTORS (MG, Austin, Jensen, Lotus, Rolls Royce): 776-7700. Ask for "general service."

BUICK-OPEL: 697-1330.

CADILLAC: 574-4411.

CHEVROLET: 562-0553.

CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH (also Dodge): 341-2631.

DATSUN: 871-6684.

FIAT: (213) 774-4010 (call collect).

FORD (also Lincoln-Mercury): (408) 262-9110.

MAZDA: (213) 537-2332 (call collect).

OLDSMOBILE: 933-8282.

PONTIAC: 349-6321.

TOYOTA: 871-9040.

VOLKSWAGEN (also Porsche-Audi): 828-6700.

*FOOTNOTE: Many foreign car manufacturers have

traveling area service representatives (BMW, Volvo). Dealers say they collect complaints and give them to the area representatives when they drop in.

GM RIPS OFF THE CITY

Supervisors Dorothy von Beroldingen and Quentin Kopp want San Francisco to take on General Motors for its stranglehold on the municipal bus construction business by joining the City of New York, which has already filed a class action suit against GM.

New York maintains GM's monopoly has restricted and delayed improvements in mass transit and pollution control. Von Beroldingen argues the same applies here. For example, she pointed out to the board on Nov. 24 that as soon as the city's new GM buses arrived, GM came up with a new anti-pollution device—available for an extra \$1200 per bus.

Von Beroldingen calls the GM maneuver a breach of contract and good faith, since the company didn't tell SF about the devices before the buses were purchased. She asked the City Attorney to look into it, but received no response. Now she and Kopp want the Attorney to join New York's suit, but "I wouldn't be surprised if we get the same type of no response. The city doesn't like to get involved in these kinds of things," says von Beroldingen.

Meanwhile, those pollution devices weren't worth the money anyway, according to Fred Thomas of Muni. In fact they actually increase noise pollution.

SFCA ON THE AIR

San Francisco Consumer Action will present four radio shows during January on "Public Forum," 9:15 p.m., Sunday nights, KSFX (104 FM). Topics include women and their credit problems, defective General Motors cars sold by local dealers, dental care and pyramid selling schemes.

SFCA IN THE STREETS

Watch for the San Francisco Consumer Action mobile unit, coming to all SF neighborhoods in January, to take consumer complaints and distribute consumer information. Spanish and Chinese speaking volunteers will take complaints from non-English speaking consumers in the various neighborhoods. Call 776-8400 to find when it will be in your neighborhood.

CONSUMER PROTECTION FORUM

Who is protecting the consumer? Find out what agencies charged with consumer protection are really doing on Jan. 9, Jewish Community Center (3245 Sheffield Ave., Oakland), 10 a.m.-noon.

Appearing on the panel are Irene Malbin, Food and Drug Administration; John Porter, chairman of the Attorney General's consumer protection task force of northern Calif.; Regina Sneed, Federal Trade Commission and Fred Hanelt of the Alameda County District Attorney's consumer fraud division. Roy Alper of the Co-op Consumer Protection Committee will moderate.

This forum is the seventh session of a 12 week course called "The Concerned Consumer," but everyone is urged to attend (it's free). Call Joan Sonenberg, 451-2827 or 533-9222, for info.

NURSING HOME HEARING

A major point of reference at the Joint Legislative Committee on Aging's Dec. 12 public hearing on nursing homes was the recent Guardian probe of nursing home care in San Francisco. Several witnesses, including a representative from Mayor Alioto's office and Sidney Friedman, executive director of the Jewish Home for the Aged, quoted the article as part of their testimony.

Guardian reporter Marcy Kates testified and was questioned extensively by Assemblyman Leo McCarthy and Senators Joseph Kennick and Peter Behr on the overwhelming response she received from concerned relatives of nursing home patients, senior citizens, administrators, dieticians and representatives of nursing home chains.

The other witnesses confirmed the Guardian's points—that the quality of care in San Francisco nursing homes is extraordinarily bad and that the homes go virtually unpunished, despite repeated violations of state and federal regulations.

THE EXAMINER TRIUMPHS!

More on how the Ex/Chron monopoly sweats the peasantry: once again they've won the exclusive contract to print all the city's legal notices, at higher rates than ever.

The city asked for bids on the contract, but got only one taker: the Examiner. The winning bid? 82.5¢ per line, up from 73¢ last year and up more than 100% from 1965 when the Ex/Chron merged and the price was only 39.8¢ a line.

STRIKE IT RICH!

17 S.F. Banks Earn Millions on Interest Free Federal Deposits

By Madeline Nelson

The nation's biggest banks, including 17 San Francisco-based banks and 144 California-based banks, get hundreds of millions of dollars each year in federal interest-free deposits to use, invest and make profits on as they wish.

A little known and little publicized analysis by the House Committee on Banking and Currency showed that, on Feb. 14, 1972, the U.S. Treasury had put in demand deposit accounts in commercial banks:

*Nationwide: \$5.7 billion into 12,838 commercial banks, of which 35.3% was in the top 50 banks and 11.7% was in the top five banks (Chase Manhattan, Bank of America, First National City of New York, Security Pacific, Chemical Bank of New York).

*In California: \$519,699,064 into 144 banks, of which 85.5% is in the top eight banks (Bank of America, Security Pacific, United California, Wells Fargo, Crocker National, Union, Bank of California, First Western). California has the second highest total of deposits by state, behind New York with \$1,015,913,064.

*In San Francisco: \$257 million into 17 banks, of which 97% is in the top four (Bank of America, Wells Fargo, Crocker, Bank of California). The B of A holds the second highest total in the country (nearly \$150 million) and holds more than all the banks combined in 43 individual states, territories and the District of Columbia. Wells Fargo has the 15th highest total, Crocker has the 19th, B of C the 28th.

These deposits are called "tax and loan accounts," which is a fancy way of saying it's your tax money. The accounts are personal and corporate income tax money, excise taxes, proceeds from federal security purchases and tax withholding money, which employers deposit in the banks of their own choice.

These interest-free accounts, as the committee analysis put it, "provide a vital subsidy for the commercial banking industry—a subsidy which the banking industry and the Treasury Department steadfastly refuse to yield, all at the expense of the taxpayer."

The subsidy works like this: the government gets no interest from its tax and loan deposits, but the banks are expected to earn interest on these deposits and, as Rep. Wright Patman of Texas has calculated on the Feb. 14 deposits, the commercial banking industry would have earned more than \$177 million in interest by investing the deposits—"not a penny of it would go to the Federal government," Patman says.

Patman and the committee analysis also pointed out that, despite the concentration of funds in the 50 largest banks, these banks "do not participate in lending programs that would be beneficial to a majority of Americans, particularly in the area of lending to small businessmen."

The 50 banks hold more than \$2 billion in t & l accounts, but had only 3,306 loans outstanding that were made in cooperation with the Small Business Administration, which guaranteed most of them up to 90%. Two of these banks didn't have a single SBA loan even though they held t & l accounts totaling nearly \$30 million. (Wells Fargo had the most SBA loans with 350, B of A was second with 227, Crocker had 16 and Bank of California had 18.)

Ever since the Treasury Department began using tax and loan accounts in 1917, the banks and Treasury have claimed the deposits aren't a subsidy but compensation for free banking services provided to the government (selling foodstamps and savings bonds, cashing federal checks, handling securities, distributing income tax forms).

Robert Kemper, Wells Fargo's executive vice-president, told the Guardian, "The services provided to the government exceed the value (interest) of the Treasury t & l accounts."

The banks do provide services exclusively for the government, but the committee report notes that many other services "provide customer benefit and in some cases the banks charge the customer for these services. Many of these services enable commercial banks to advertise themselves as full-service banks."

The banks argue it costs them to sell and pay for saving bonds. But, as the committee points out, the cost of issuing the savings bonds through payroll deductions is more than offset by the income they get from handling the payroll.

The banks argue it costs them to cash federal checks free, but the committee points out the benefit is to the customer, not the government, and that some banks will cash checks only for their own depositors, a way for them to entice depositors.

The only sensible solution is advocated by Patman and the General Accounting Office: let the banks charge the government for any services they perform, then make them pay interest to the government on these high-profit t & l accounts.

Banks object to the idea of putting the t & l issue on a paying basis because, as a Crocker public relations man, Phil Hiaring, told the Guardian, "the government might object to the charges we would levy."

Which is almost admitting that the banks now enjoy a subsidy. For, if the government only paid for banking services provided exclusively to the government, it wouldn't be paying millions extra for services to the customer and to the bank—and the government, not the banks, would be earning millions in interest.

Let's put this three shell game on a business-like basis and put an end to the tens of millions in annual losses to the public and annual subsidies to the banks that the Treasury has authorized for years.

DEPOSITS IN S.F. BANKS

San Francisco's 17 banks (headquartered here) have more than \$250,000,000 in federal interest-free tax and loan accounts. 11 other Bay Area banks have more than \$7 million in interest-free deposits.

Bank of America*	\$149,679,592
Wells Fargo*	46,914,512
Crocker*	33,244,967
Bank of California*	19,399,295
Bank of Tokyo	2,198,822
Cal. Canadian	1,790,490
Barclay's	1,078,912
Sumitomo	717,855
Hibernia	674,302
Chartered Bank of London	564,011
Liberty National	361,787
Hongkong Bank	260,213
Bank of Montreal	155,711
Bank of Trade of SF	113,521
Bank of Canton	79,551
Toronto Dominion	6,075
Bank of the Orient	6,013
Total	\$257,244,000

Other Bay Area Banks

Alameda First National Bank	\$ 342,961
Peninsula National, Burlingame	106,358
First National Bank of Daly City	303,419
Hayward National	107,405
Central Bank, Oakland	1,092,107
Mechanics Bank, Richmond	1,671,751
Community Bank of San Jose	324,458
First National Bank of San Jose	2,783,498
Bank of Contra Costa, Walnut Creek	26,873
Bank of Alex Brown, Walnut Creek	49,544
Security National, Walnut Creek	241,387
Total	\$7,044,760

*At the end of February, 1972 the Bank of America had 227 Small Business Administration loans, Wells Fargo 350, Crocker 16 and Bank of California 18.

From the Staff Report of the Subcommittee on Domestic Finance, Committee on Banking and Currency, House of Representatives, "Commercial Banks Holding Treasury Tax and Loan Accounts Balances on February 14, 1972." □

Political Notes

By Carol Kroot and Madeline Nelson

CANDID LAW AND ORDER

If you live, work, travel or buy in the vicinity of Fifth and Mission, you may soon be the target of a Police and Department of Public Works camera set up ostensibly to monitor and control car traffic.

The camera, located on a swivel aimed by remote control from the Police Department, will survey several blocks deep. The Police and Public Works departments deny that the purpose of the camera is crime detection, but according to Norman Bray of the DPW, "It may have this side effect." If the 5th and Mission experiment works, said Bray, surveillance cameras "could be extended for joint reasons."

STOPPING LEGALIZED MURDER

State Senator Arlen Gregorio received so much flack over his excellent bill to limit use of deadly force (SB 1480) that unfortunately he may introduce only a

watered down version in the 1973 legislature.

"Obviously we need some quantum of support in the law enforcement community," Gregorio told the Guardian. "I will have something (for the 1973 session). It could be less venturesome, it could be stronger or it could be the same. It depends on what support we can get on the bill next year."

SB 1480 would have restricted use of deadly force to recapturing a felon or when a suspected felon is fleeing or resisting arrest and it is believed he will cause serious bodily harm.

Under present law, homicide may be "justifiable" when committed to apprehend a felon, suppress a riot or otherwise "lawfully maintain the peace"—even if the victim isn't threatening bodily harm to any person.

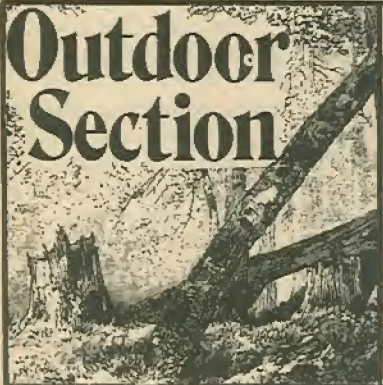
According to the Friends Committee on Legislation, passage of the Gregorio bill could do away with 50% of the deaths now perpetrated under the name of "justifiable homicide."

HIGHRISING NOB HILL

One of the last bits of open space on Nob Hill is at 1330 Clay, a lot designated "high need" in the city's open space plan. But the current owner plans a 23-25 story behemoth, a condominium with 102 luxury units selling for \$67,000-\$85,000 each.

A recent amendment to the Environmental Quality Act allows the developer to go ahead without the formality of an Environmental Impact Report. But Julia Porter, usually the high risers' best friend, responded to public pressure and asked the Planning Commission to take the matter under public review.

Highrise Commissioner Mortimer Fleishhacker (who, purred the Chron Nov. 20, "is frequently the spokesman for the poor in City Hall") tried to give the developer the green light: "This would really be saying you cannot build anything in that area." CAO Tom Mellon joined in the opposition but Porter's motion passed.



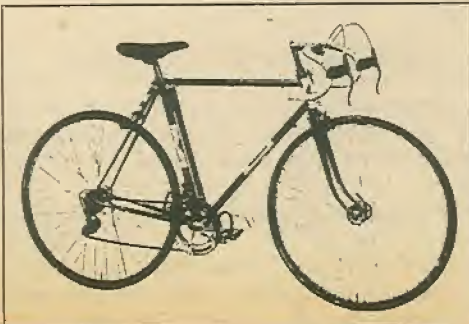
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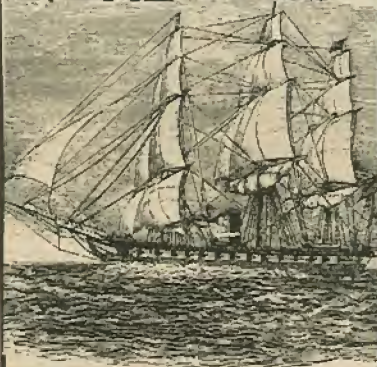
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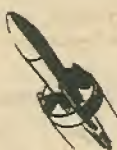
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Political Notes

and the Commission will review the building at 3 p.m. Dec. 14, Room 282, City Hall.

Now, how about questioning highrises in town somewhere other than on Nob Hill? How about starting with Fleishhacker's bevy of new Golden Gateway highrises?

THUMBS UP

To Planning Commissioner Julia Porter for bringing the highrise at 1330 Clay before the Planning Commission through its discretionary review powers.

To Sup. Robert Mendelsohn for asking the PUC to hold public hearings on the Muni budget.

To the Examiner for venturing into new and uncharted territory, investigative reporting, in the new Examiner Reports.

To the Sierra Club for denouncing Mayor Alioto's "mediocre performance" and "disappointing attendance record" on the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District board.

THUMBS DOWN

On the Smog Board for rejecting the carefully reasoned and well documented roster of charges against Chief Jud Callaghan, who runs the district as if he's still on the payroll of PG&E, and in effect defending Callaghan against all comers.

On SF Municipal Court judges who spend their time threatening to impose heavy fines on people who don't curb their pets instead of working harder to cut backlogs, keep the courts open more nights and weekends, etc.

On the Chronicle for its puff pieces on Cyril Magnin (whose Port lost much of SF's shipping business to Oakland) and on Highrise Commissioner Mortimer Fleishhacker (who keeps fighting for Manhattanization).

On the SF Press Club for bringing Newark reporter Peter Bridge (the one imprisoned for refusing to divulge sources to a grand jury) to speak at the club without warning him that the club is in trouble for discriminating against women, alternative media and other members of the press.

Why would a man of Bridge's ideals speak at the club? "I have no knowledge of this (controversy)," he replied. Bridge concluded that it would be "bad manners" to stand up the club.

THANKS, JOHN

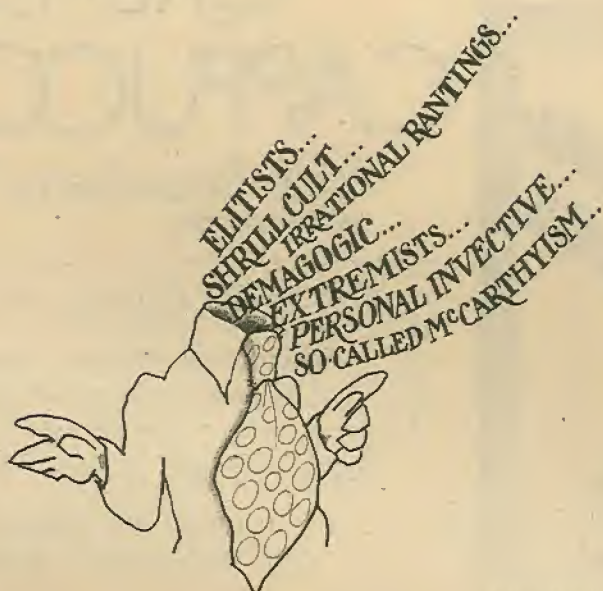
In our last issue we reported that John Molinari was the only supervisor to vote against support for Assembly Bill 1710, a women's rights bill.

Well, it only took him about 24 hours after the presses stopped running to get on the phone to us: "Here's a p.s. for your next issue. The last two days I was acting Mayor—and I signed the AB1710 resolution."

"You had to, didn't you?"

"I could have vetoed it," mused Molinari. "I just thought it was ironic. This is the first time I've signed resolutions and one I signed was one that I was the only supervisor to vote against."

Not exactly a convert to women's lib, but it's a start.



Louis Dunn

WATER SPROUTS...

Here, direct from the anti-Prop. 9 ("Back to the washboards") campaign and from the anti-Prop. 20 ("Don't lock up the beaches") campaign, we bring you Clem Whitaker. (Writing in the November Western Water News, a publication of the Irrigation Districts Assoc.)

"A shrill cult pierces the ear of the land with a demagogic assault on the intellectual sensibilities of the nation in the name of the new religion 'environment' that far overshadows the irrational rantings so disturbing to libertarians in the decades recently past.

It is a cult and a phenomenon deserving of closer attention than it is being accorded.

With the discovery of the "environment" these recent years, proposal upon proposal is put forth purporting to enhance the livability of an area, a region or the planet. It is a good thing that this is so, because by and large man is not the clod the elitists would make out, but a being sensitive to the need and desire to live a better life in a better way on a better globe than his parents and grandparents before him.

Throughout the ages, of course, it is this inborn desire that has led to the evolution of a cleaner, better earth which houses, feeds, clothes and comforts the creatures inhabiting it in an ever-improving lifestyle.

Building on this human drive for improvement, today's cult of environmental extremists put forward proposals, demand immediate acceptance of various theses and won't tolerate rational discussion of the specifics and mechanics of the proposals put forth to achieve better water and cleaner air, more efficient land use, and the other amenities so important to all.

The art of balancing the essentials to a better life through recognition of each of the factors supportive of mankind goes glimmering with words like conservation, ecology, environment without simultaneously focusing on words like economics, jobs, houses and food.

Too often as the balance is attempted by reasonable people seeking intelligent solutions to the total problem, today's environmental cult unleashes a vituperative personal attack on the proposers, demanding instead blind alliance to "environment" without reference to the total needs of people. It can only be a self-defeating course, a course that slows environmental enhancement while dividing society into needlessly warring camps.

As with the so-called McCarthyism era, environment as a new thing will run its course. It is a shame that while the personal invective spews forth, the task will take longer than need be. Each human being suffers."

ON THE RAMPARTS

For neighborhood activists (and the "grass roots" Mayor Alioto despises so much), there are the public meetings and hearings to watch for in the next month:

*Fight against more Manhattanization, for more open space: City Planning Commission, final hearing on proposed open space plan, rm. 282, City Hall, Jan. 11, 3 p.m.

*Watch what happens to your revenue sharing money when the city starts cutting up the pie: call the Mayor's office for dates and locations of three public neighborhood meetings planned for January on proposed priorities for the money.

*Discover how Bay Area regional government really works: the Exec. Committee of ABAG (Assoc. of Bay Area Govts.) meets Dec. 21, 7:30 p.m., Hotel Claremont, Berk. Prime item for discussion: how much citizen participation will ABAG allow in its decision-making.

The committee has already expressed doubts about a Citizen Task Force recommendation for creation of a Regional Citizens' Forum. The committee objects to the goal that "the Forum must have complete independence to arrive at its own decisions irrespective of the position of ABAG or any other regional or local governmental body." The committee also (like Alioto vs. the grass roots) says it's worried that the Forum might not represent a cross section of interests.

Also on the ABAG agenda: implementation of the new Regional Airport Plan, passage of the second half of the Regional Growth Policy (1980-2000)—see what's in store for the Bay Area, according to its governments.

*BART for Marin? The Golden Gate Bridge, Highway and Transportation District holds hearings Dec. 14 (8 p.m., District offices, Golden Gate Bridge toll plaza) on acquisition of the Northwestern Pacific Railway right of way in Marin.

The right of way extends from Sausalito through Corte Madera, running through a Mill Valley school building and a Corte Madera shopping center en route. It could be used for anything from a bike path to a BART corridor, according to Peter Clainos, District secretary.

But the District is "trying to serve the public," says Clainos, and would not push through anything objectionable . . . □

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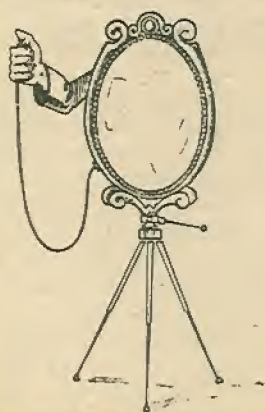
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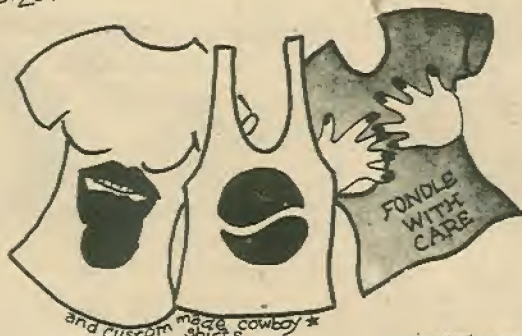
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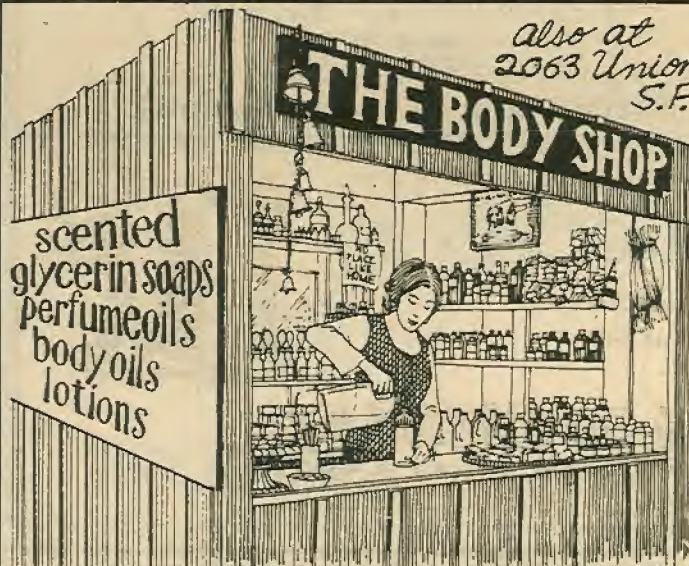
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TO THE EDITOR:

I am enclosing photostat copies of the most recent inspection reports by the State Department of Public Health for Pine Towers Convalescent Hospital and The Victorian Convalescent Hospital.

It appears to us that you displayed "extraordinarily bad" negligence in your decision to publish incorrect, obsolete inspection reports, for the enclosed copies were also on file as public documents in Sacramento, California. (See "SF Nursing Homes," Guardian, 12/13/72).

On behalf of both hospitals, we feel you exude lack of judgment of what ranks the most important, significant violations vs. the least important. Our replies to the Department of Public Health are also public documents on file, and should have been included in your article. Once the state receives our reply, they are required to conduct a follow-up visit, in order to determine if the actions taken meet their requirements.

We feel your "extraordinarily bad" negligible journalism needs some improvement, and we would be extremely pleased to enlighten you with any questions you can pose to our staff.

Thank you for your astute interest in the problems reflecting convalescent hospitals.

Patricia Fung

Administrator

Pine Towers Convalescent Hospital, SF

MARCY KATES REPLIES:

We're glad to see Victorian Convalescent Hospital's most recent inspection report with no noncompliances. The inspection records I saw in Sacramento covered nine inspections over a

three year period, from June, 1969 to February, 1972. This most recent report was not on file during the three weeks I was in Sacramento (my last day there was Nov. 9—the inspection had not even been completed on this date).

I saw eight inspection reports on Pine Towers, covering a two year period, from March, 1970 to August, 1972. I did see the most recent inspection report for Pine Towers, but I appreciate you sending me a photostatic copy.

I would appreciate it more if next time you didn't leave out Medicare non-compliances as you did on your photostatic copy. The records in Sacramento show Pine Towers' noncompliance with two Medicare regulations; the photostatic copy you sent me does not.

As to your accusation that these inspection reports are incorrect, I suggest you take that up with the State Dept. of Public Health and its inspectors. I merely copied their records.

Regarding my "lack of judgment of what ranks most important," I can only say that I consulted with physicians, nurses, administrators and Public Health officials on the significance of the violations.

On my personal inspection of Pine Towers, I did pose many questions to one of your staffers and I was enlightened. "There's almost no rehabilitation here," I was told.

TO THE EDITOR:

As a member of the Northern California/Nevada Ski Media Association, I would appreciate space to answer Jeanette Foster's article on the rip-off being perpetrated on an unsuspecting skiing public. It appears, after reading, the Bay Guardian needs protection from "rip-off writers."

The article in question is filled with inaccuracies, misstatements and innuendoes. In her opening statement, Ms. Foster sets the mood for the article with her statement "And as a member of the young . . . ultra-hip (I was the only one in blue jeans) crowd wandered out of the hall . . .", etc., etc.: sophomoric and just tinged with a slight green of envy.

Specifically, the following pretty well sums up these disorders:

1. I have to admit the recent Ski Show at the Cow Palace was a total rip-off, but anyone who paid the ridiculous sum of \$3.50 was a fool. All they had to do was turn around and go home.

2. I don't know how long Ms. Foster has been skiing or at what level, but anyone who classifies Slide Mt. as a "super ski area" on a par with Squaw, Heavenly, etc. is certainly suspect in my book. It happens to be my personal favorite, but, with only two major chairlifts—even though the runs will challenge the best—it hardly fits her category.

3. Following that, Ms. Foster mentions marking moguls. I can't find an appropriate comment for that.

4. Near the end of this diatribe, she says: Groups should form to " . . . Push the newspapers to provide real ski reporting and get news reporters in the field, not a bunch of aging jocks freeloading about the hillsides." I enclose a couple columns of mine from last year that I feel repudiates the above.

The majority of ski writers are professionals working for their respective newspapers or have been writing in all media for years.

Summing up, I would say Ms. Foster simply has filled your pages with personal sour grapes and a tinge of envy because she isn't one of these aging jocks "freeloading on the hills." I covered only what I felt to be the major

mistakes in her article—there were many, many more.

From a personal point of view in reference to that "aging jock" tag, I'll match my batting average against hers on the field of battle anytime.

Al Auger

Ski Editor

Richmond Independent/ Berkeley Gazette

(ED. NOTE: It's hard to bite the hand that feeds you. Mr. Auger skis free as a member of the Northern California/Nevada Ski Media Association.)

Note to Subscribers

Again: Delays in receiving your paper have been cut, but not eliminated, because a) technically, a bi-weekly publication can be given slightly poorer service than a weekly or daily (though you can be sure national monthlies like Harper's don't face big delays) and b) each piece of mail gets processed several times between us and you, from the downtown Rincon Annex all the way to your local post office. At each step, the paper might be shunted aside or sent by canal boat.

Here's what you can do to help us get the paper to you faster: If the paper isn't getting to you by Friday or Saturday (we publish on alternate Thursdays, next issue Jan. 18), write to your local post office to complain. Send carbons to Mailing Requirements Div., Rincon Annex, and to your Congressman and to us. Let us know what the post office replies.

Meanwhile, bear with us. We've managed to speed up delivery considerably, and we intend to speed it up more.

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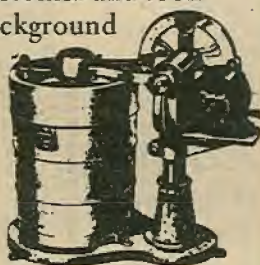
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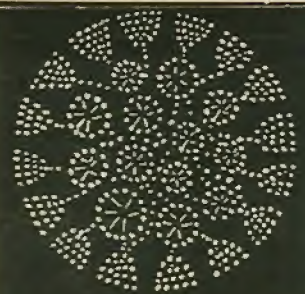
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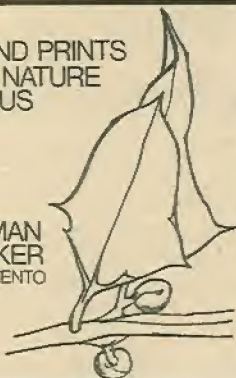
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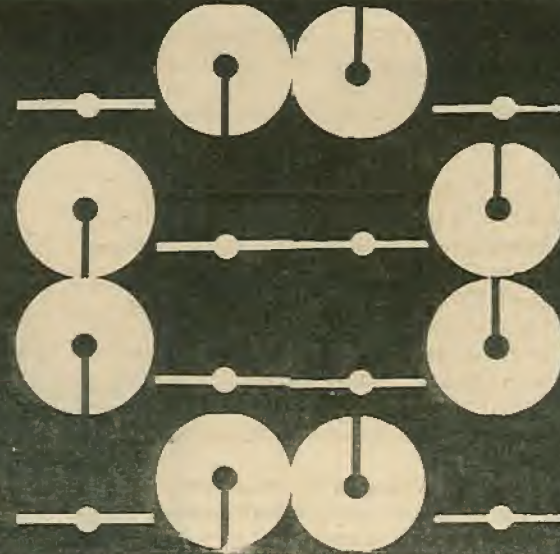
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'...And the Highrises Begat Yet More Highrises'

Whooped along at every step by Mayor Alioto, supervisors, city commissioners and the Department of Highrise Planning, the march to Manhattanization and the destruction of the city's few remaining patches of open space move ahead at full throttle.

The week before publication, the Planning Commission gave its final blessing to (1) Ets-Hokin's Playland development (710 units, plus a block-long shopping mall, much too much for this open recreation area, (2) a 200-unit Gerson Bakar development at Lake Merced (taking a strategic chunk of beautiful open space) and (3) 123 units on Clarendon Avenue (taking lots of Sutro woods and a driving range).

The week of publication, the Planning Commission will review and most likely approve with relish (1) a 23-story, 102-unit highrise for the last bit of open space on Nob Hill (2) Highrise Commissioner Mortimer Fleishacker's four new highrises for the Golden Gateway project situated squarely in one of the most populous and congested urban areas in the Western World.

The green light is flashing for developers from the rooftops of every building at the Civic Center.

Even the Sierra Club, which does its best fighting in the mountains or out in the surf, abjectly folded its opposition to the Playland-on-the-beach project (Isn't the Sierra Club supposed to be protecting the coastside?) and took the old primacy of private property rights line: "The Club recognizes the Cliff is in private hands," Atty. Eugene Brodsky said.

This is one of the most powerful arguments at City Hall (the Planning Department and its commissioners use it constantly to the advantage of developers and to the disadvantage of the public), but it has as much merit today in San Francisco as it did for the strip-miners years ago in the California hills.

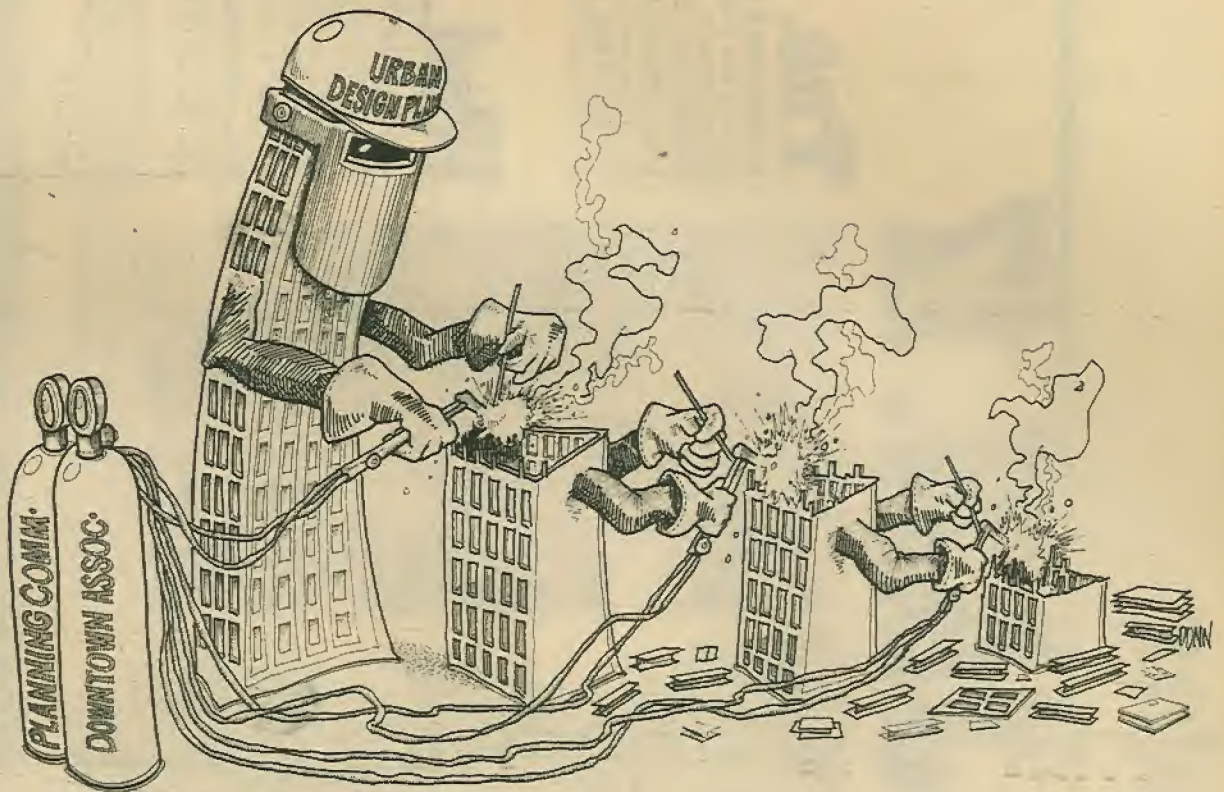
Put simply, high rise building and high density development in San Francisco, with a population and auto density second only to Manhattan, is now a form of urban strip mining.

Much of the city's remaining open space is in private hands—but the city, despite the seas of green space on its "open space plan," has no program to rezone any of it to public use (as has Palo Alto with its foothills) and to buy it and to establish short or long range bonding priorities to get the money for acquisition.

Another powerful argument, used again and again for the Golden Gateway, is the expanding-tax-base, highrise as economic salvation argument. This isn't so, as our book, "The Ultimate Highrise" shows, and as several cost benefit studies in other cities now confirm conclusively.

The point is that the city refuses to do its own cost benefit study and its own economic impact report. The developer's own Environmental Impact Report on the Golden Gateway admits that the City will have to build new sewer connections to handle the waste the project will produce.

What about other city services and the project's further drain on the tax base? What about the additional pres-



Louis Dunn

sure for a Marina freeway, to name but one expensive item? Didn't we just pass a \$39 million water bond issue to provide more water pressure for downtown highrises? The city doesn't make these cost-benefit computations and it throws the ball to the downtown forces by letting SPUR conduct the cost-benefit study at a leisurely pace.

As in Manhattan, City Hall by these moves is driving the middle class out of the city. City Hall argues it is trying to get these people back, but it's in effect destroying the old neighborhoods through Redevelopment and replacing them either with highrise office centers (Yerba Buena, Golden Gateway) or with executive, upper class highrise housing that starts at \$50,000 a condominium (Clarendon, Nob Hill, Golden Gateway). Neither policy will bring back the middle class from the suburbs. But they will make certain there's no middle class left in the city.

At the same time, City Hall is impacting the low income areas with Redevelopment ghettos (Western Addition, Hunters Point) that are fast becoming disaster zones by virtue of public policy and public funds. (When the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing suggested Ets-Hokin include a small percentage of low income housing in Playland, Ets-Hokin said it wasn't appropriate.)

This isn't the San Francisco we like: zoning for rich

and poor, consuming open space like vanilla ice cream, moving pell mell toward Manhattanization, playing to a grandstand of developers. Like all trickle-down theories, it won't wash.

By Madeline Nelson

WOW! 4 GIANT HIGHRISES 'IMPROVE MAN'S ENVIRONMENT'

The Golden Gateway developers, it seems, are having no problem with the requirement for an Environmental Impact Report on major projects. They're writing their own EIRs for the final four highrises planned, with the full cooperation of Redevelopment and our Department of Highrise Planning.

The staged EIRs turn up a few token flaws in the project—some views of the Bay blocked, a little earthquake risk, nothing to worry about—and they scoff at others. For example, even though the buildings will house 3,300 new residents, cars won't be a problem: "There will be little traffic generation."

The EIR punchline is that the project can't be stopped, heavens no. That "would jeopardize the private investment." In fact, from the EIR language, maybe this project should win awards, like the Urban Design Plan, because it "contemplates a substantial present improvement of man's environment in the area."

M.N.

Power to the Neighborhoods!

San Francisco's neighborhoods are finally rising in anger and frustration against the big business/big labor/Chamber of Commerce/pro development axis that dominates City Hall these days.

Their plan: make the Board of Supervisors more responsive to the citizens, in particular the neighborhoods, by dividing the city into 11 districts, one supervisor from each district.

To push the reform through, a coalition of neighborhood groups and forces called the Citizens for Representative Government is circulating initiative petitions calling for a special Mar. 1 election on the idea of district representation.

If the plan qualifies for a special election and is approved by a majority vote, districts of about 65,000 people would be drawn up along the district boundary lines as shown in the accompanying CRG map. The district would be revised every 10 years with the new census figures.

Supervisors must reside in a district at least a year to be elected, and must remain in that district to keep the office.

At the moment and for many years, the 11 supervisors represent only a few areas of town: five live in the St. Francis Wood area, three live in the Richmond, one apiece in Potrero Hill, Pacific Heights/Marina, North Beach/Telegraph Hill. Under the proposed districts, most supervisors would have to move, run against one another or lose their jobs. (CRG claims support only from Quentin Kopp and John Barbagelata, says it's working hard on Dianne Feinstein and claims backing from Assemblyman Willie Brown and Sheriff Richard Hongisto.)

The supervisors, as evidenced by almost every strategic highrise vote, are heavily in favor of development. Seven of eleven of them last fall openly served on the Chamber's front group to stop the Duskin highrise petition. Not one voice is raised strongly against the march to Manhattanization, although Barbagelata, to his credit, called himself a "lone wolf crying in the wilderness" in speaking out forthrightly against the latest grab of SF open space at Park Merced in the Gerson Bakar development.

Gerson Bakar and his obsequious reception at City Hall is a good example of how the developers/realtors/land owners keep and maintain their power at City Hall, through investments in supervisors at election time. (Bakar's recent campaign contributions from 1965 to 1970: for winning supervisors Tinney, Alioto, Ertola, Boas, Tamaras; Tinney for assessor.)

We like the spirit of the initiative, and we sympathize strongly with its roots and motivations, and we agree that this may be the only way to make a strong and immediate impact on City Hall, but we'll quibble with making all the supervisors come from neighborhoods. It will still be heavily conservative and development-conscious, with still not enough minority members, with all the problems of ward-heeling and provincial neighborhoods, but at least the pressures will come from another direction. (We'll discuss this crucial issue in subsequent editorials as the campaign progresses.)

More: we worry about the early timing of the election and the resentment that many feel about a \$300,000 special election, which will provoke the sort of powerful

ammunition that was utilized effectively against Duskin. CRG argues that, without a special election, we'll be stuck with the same at large board for three more years. With a successful election, a new batch of supervisors could be elected in next fall's election.

If the petition drive/election fails, the neighborhoods still have a powerful weapon: next fall's election and the chance to knock off some supervisors (Von Beroldingen and Barbagelata hint they won't run) and put together a strong slate firmly committed to new priorities, urban conservation, neighborhood interests, upgrading the Muni, restoring municipal services, saving San Francisco from "The Ultimate Highrise."

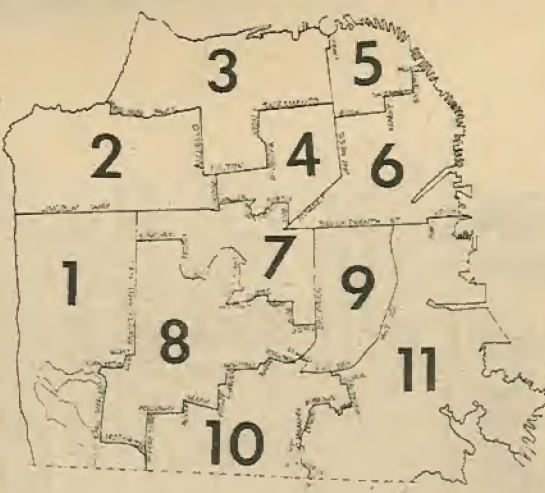
To get information or petitions to circulate or sign, call CRG's office in your 'district': 1) 2371-42nd Ave., 664-7000; 2) 555-9th Ave., 387-8165; 3) 2221 Filbert St., 922-6273; 4) 2891 Bush St., 567-5996 or 409 Clayton St., 621-9553; 5) 1907 Hyde St., 775-1774; 6) 705 Natoma St. (Canon Kip Center), 861-6803; 7) 4536-20th St., 552-2194 (also for general CRG information) or 1167 Stanyan, 664-1126; 8) 225 Teresa, JU6-1810; 9) 2915-20th St., 824-4125; 10) 4519 Mission, 586-8300; 11) 1437 Revere St., 922-7150/822-2593, or 297 Missouri St., 647-5289.

DOWN WITH OPEN SPACE

Another bit of open space is being sold down the river by the development-mad SF Board of Supervisors: at the Dec. 11 meeting, the board voted 6-5 in favor of a Glen Canyon developer, letting him hang onto and build up a lot planned for open space. (The open space minority: supervisors Pelosi, Francois, Mendelsohn and Tamaras. Boas also voted against development of the land, but later buckled, voting in favor of development of another Glen Canyon site.)

Francois, arguing that the city should take over the lot from the developer, pointed out that in other situations the city has no qualms about moving in: a few years ago it took over the home of three old ladies, converting the property into a parking lot, and it regularly takes over property in the Western Addition, Hunters Point and other low income areas where private ownership may reach back 30 years. Now, facing the question of saving some land for open space, the board backs off.

C.K.



Proposed supervisorial districts

DEC. 14 THROUGH JAN. 17

The Guardian's Selective calendar is displayed each fortnight in more than 150 bookstores, bulletin boards, store windows and entertainment spots in San Francisco and environs. If you would like to hang the calendar in your favorite haunt or business, let us know and we'll give you one free each issue. If you want to report openings, benefits, demonstrations or other events of redeeming social significance, notify Vicki Sufian. Deadline for next issue: Jan. 12; or subsequent issues, every other Friday thereafter. Best to write in early. Call us, UN 1-9600, if you're late.

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Thurs. 14

DOUBLE GOOD DEED CHRISTMAS PURCHASE: buy your Christmas tree potted—from the Guardsmen, re-turn it after Christmas to be planted in barren SF areas, proceeds send needy children to summer camp, Pier 39, Embarcadero.

"FOOD AND THE POOR," cheap alternative shopping—or how to avoid supermarket chains and small corner stores, produced by Mission Mediants, KQED, channel 9, 10 p.m.

FILMS BY BAY AREA FILMMAKERS including "Sacred Art of Tibet," live musical interlude by the Sun Mountain Band, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, 8:30 p.m., \$1.50.

"RACISM AND SEXISM IN ORGANIZATIONS: The Psychological Blocks to Equal Opportunity," Dr. Ronald Brown, psychologist and director, Pacific Training Associates, will discuss racist and sexist interactions in groups, how these attitudes can be recognized and changed, Bay Area chapter meeting, American Society for Public Administration, Cafe Romano, 2914 College, Berk. for reserv. call: 981-2500, 6 p.m., \$4.

"THE SATIRICAL DRAWINGS OF DAVID LEVINE," exhibition of his superb satirical pen and ink drawings of politicians, artists, authors etc., De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, thru Jan. 28.

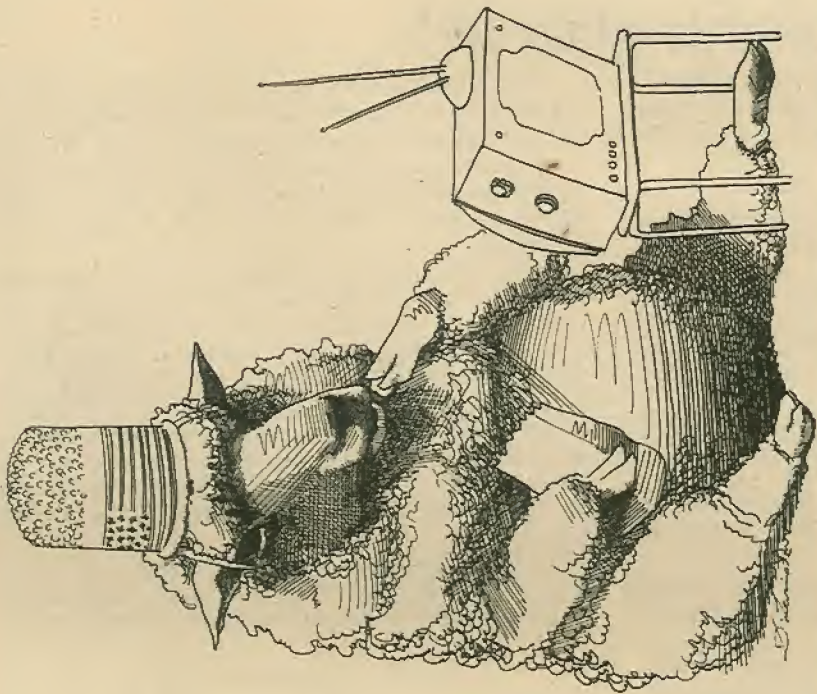
THE BOB HOPE SHOW with guest, Al Jolson, early 1940s radio broadcast, Gene Nelson Show, KSFO, 10 p.m.

NIRMALA AND FRIENDS, bright and cheery stylings, New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo Ave., Berk.

***DYLAN THOMAS' "A Child's Christmas in Wales,"** and "Days of Dylan Thomas," poetry, music and photographs, West Portal Library, 2:30 p.m.

Fri. 15

***FAMILY GRACE** fine, funky folk



"American Audience," one of 51 pen and ink drawings by caricaturist David Levine now in exhibition at the M.H. De Young Museum.

Sun. 17

***HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"** a Christmas natural, Berkeley Community Chorus and Orchestra, Berkeley Community Theatre, Allston/Grove, 644-6130, 4 p.m.

***CHRISTMAS CONCERT,** includes international Christmas music, Opera Variety Theatre of SF, 3944 Balboa, 566-8805, 3 p.m.

"A PRIVATE TALK WITH SAMMY DAVIS, JR.," Cecil Williams interviews, KPPIX, channel 5, 9 p.m.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," Nureyev and the National Ballet of Canada (in a program coming live to

Mon. 18

***"THE MADMAN AND THE NUN,"** a Freeway Barter Theatre offering, Neighborhood Arts Theatre, UC Extension, 55 Laguna, 8:30 p.m., repeated Dec. 28.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALAN FREED," 50s and 60s radio music, and contests—"Jock in the Box," "Name It and Claim It" prizes to be awarded include a 1951 Mercury with spinners, duals and furry dice, KSAN, 6 a.m.-midnight.

***"AN ART WRITER LOOKS AND Talks About Art Today,"** a talk by Lucy Lippard, N.Y. writer and art critic, SF Art Institute, 800 Chest-

Thurs. 21

SICK OF OPENING PRESENTS, Christmas dinners and the like on Christmas Day? Hit the City golf courses. For Christmas and New Year's Day reservations call:

478-9500, Harding Park; 751-2997, Sharp Park; 387-4422, Lincoln Park. **DENNIS DOYLE,** super mellow songster, Family Pharmacy, California/Divisadero, 567-5499, 50¢.

THE HIGHTIDE HARRIS BLUES BAND, tight, stinging East Bay blues, Gackscraggle, 40th/Taraval, 9 p.m., \$1.

WILDLIFE BATIKS and photographs exhibit, Canessa Gallery, 708 Montgomery, thru Dec. 30.

***SAN FRANCISCO STRUTTERS,** Vo-de-o-do and campy songs of yesterday plus some great tap dancing routines. Sleeping Lady Cafe, 58 Bolinas Rd., Fairfax 456-2044.

Fri. 22

THE SUFI CHOIR with Nubian singer and Oud player, Hamza-El-Din, Unitarian Church, Geary/Franklin, 8 p.m., \$2.50.

CHAMPAGNE BENEFIT PREMIERE, "Sounder," spon. by Oakl. Museum of Art, and Friends of the Ethnic and Cultural Guild, Stage Door Theatre, 420 Mason, 433-1645.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL," with Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge, Gene Nelson Show, KSFO, 10 p.m.

"CARAVAN TO VACAVILLE," gay people bring presents for gay prisoners in Vacaville prison, gather at 50 Fulton St., 11:30 a.m.

CHRISTMAS PARTY spon. by Gay Alliance, 26 Seventh St., 7 p.m.

Sat. 23

***MIDDLEJOHN & CO.,** Country-Western laid down with a rock twang.

Dosey-do ala moderne. Ribald Vorden, Precita/Folsom Sts. 826-9818.

ANNUAL EXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS Carol luncheon beneath the dome, Garden Court, Sheraton Palace, Market/Montgomery, noon, reservations necessary.

"LE SACRE BLEU," a theatre piece performed by Transcendental Fever, followed by dancing to music by

Thurs. 21 CHRISTMAS DAY

IF YOU WANT TO GET AWAY from home on Christmas, you can fill your stomach at the following:

ELU'S, 781 Broadway, 986-9646. Creamed sweetbreads in pastry shell and baked ham, \$3.75, 5-9:30 p.m.

POT LUCK, San Pablo/Channing, Berk., 841-2894. Traditional English Christmas dinner with goose, salmon steaks Augustus and Christmas pudding made last Sept., \$6.50, 4-10 p.m.

SOLOMON GRUNDY'S, 100 Seawall Dr., Berk., 548-1876. Turkey or ham dinner, \$5.25, 11:15-10 p.m.

FIOR D'ITALIA, 621 Union, 986-1886. Turkey and "18 other items," \$6-\$8.50, 2-10 p.m.

BALA BOSTA, 824 University, Berk., 548-0300. Goose, pheasant, Thai shrimp, fresh lobster from Maine and steak dinners, 3 p.m.-11:30 p.m.

AFTERWARDS for some Christmas displays ranging from the insipid to the incredible try driving along the Marina and up in the Twin Peaks area.



Jesse Colin Young and his fine new band will be at The Lions Share Dec. 15-17 and The Boarding House Jan. 2-7.

Tue. 6

LE CORBUSIER EXHIBIT, lithographs by the 20th century architect innovator, ADI Gallery, 530 McAllister, thru Jan. 8.

***PLANT POSTERITY:** workshop in printmaking with plants, 31 Geary, 864-3200, x 252, 11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., every Tues. and Thurs.

Wed. 27

MUSIC BENEFIT FOR CONNECTIONS: Art Lande Jazz Band, food, drinks, all proceeds to get a car for transportation of prisoners' families to prisons, Gackscraggle, 46th/Taraval, 7 p.m., \$1 donation.

JIMMY WITHERSPOON, perhaps the best blues belter around, Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, thru Jan. 1.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI, still on the scene, reads from his works, Panlandrum Press, 99 Sanchez, 8 p.m., 50¢.

FOR THE FUTURE

RUDOLF NUREYEV, master leaper, and the National Ballet of Canada, three programs: "Sleeping Beauty," "Swan Lake," and "La Sylphide," "Pavane," and "Fandango," SF Opera House, Flint Center, Sacramento, \$6.50-\$13.50, 781-7833, Feb. 12-25.

FREE COURSE IN BASIC ECO-NOMICS given by Henry George School of Social Science, begins week of Jan. 15, for more info. call: 362-7944.

PETER ROWAN, formerly with Seatrain, teams with David Grisman, bluegrass sound, Freight & Salvage, 1827 San Pablo, Berk., 548-1761.

"FIRST INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE on the Organic Method for Farm and Garden," exhibits, lectures, demonstrations, Hilton Hotel, Mason/O'Farrell, 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Jan. 3-6.

BEST BETS

ONE SHOT DEALS:

ANNUAL PARKS DEPARTMENT CHRISTMAS PROGRAM: ballet, tableaux and dance for adults and

CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL, game booths, prizes, refreshments, Pseudid Heights Playground, Walnut/Clay.

11.10

*FAMILY GRACE, fine, funky folk rock group with some dynamite cello playing—double stops in all Ribellat Vorden, Folsom/Precita Sts. 826-9818.

*CONGRESS OF WONDERS, Whacky, side splitting comedy from the best laughum up duo around. Sleeping Lady Cafe, 58 Bolinas Rd. Fairfax, 456-2044.

*NEW DIMENSIONS to airport music: two flutists, one harpsicordist and a cellist from the SF Conservatory of Music will serenade at the SF Airport, South Terminal, TWA Concourse F, 9:30 a.m. and Central Terminal, United's Pier C, 11:30 a.m.

TWO-WEEK COMMITTEE REVIVAL, "Four More Years," with old regulars Larry Hankin, Dan Barrows, Julie Payne and others, 622 Broadway, 392-0807, every night except Mon., 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., extra 12:30 show Saturdays, thru Dec. 31.

NOEL DAY, gospel blues, Family Pharmacy, California/Divisadero, 567-5499, 50¢.

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION, insanity reigns supreme. Copperhead and Weather Report, Winterland, Post/Steiner, 863-2013, 8 p.m., \$4/\$4.50 at door.

Sat. 16

PRE-CHRISTMAS BENEFIT PARTY, belly dancing, rock, music, refreshments, proceeds to buy Christmas turkeys and food for needy families, The Port, 393 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, 388-9974, free parking, 9 p.m., \$2.

BULGARIAN FOLK DANCING to the Bitov Orchestra, taught at 8 p.m., The Mandala Folk Dance Center, 603 Taraval, 731-9829, every Sat.

CHRISTMAS ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR, spon. by El Cerrito Center Council, El Cerrito Co-op, 1751 E. Shore Blvd., El Cerrito, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

VIETNAMESE BUFFET and cultural program to celebrate 12th anniversary of founding of the NLF, all proceeds to NLF in South Vietnam, YMCA, 1560 Buchanan, EV 6-1960 or SK 2-0194, \$3.50.

*"A CELEBRATION OF BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHDAY," Phil Harmonic and "Blue" Gene Tyranny present "Stars Over San Francisco," with Chicken Band, Concert Hall, Mills College, Oakl., 8 p.m.

*HOLIDAY MUSIC: program of Handel, Dvorak, Roussel and Bloch, SF Chamber Orchestra, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, 8:30 p.m.

"THE TIBET WITHIN—Western Man's Fascination With Tibetan Art and Religion," a lecture by Alan Watts, Lone Mountain College, 2800 Turk, 8 p.m., \$1.50 students, \$2 general.

B.B. KING, a blues guitar favorite, Copperhead and Weather Report, Winterland, Post/Steiner, 863-2013.

Nureyev and the National Ballet of Canada (in a program coming live to SF at ticket prices up to \$12.50) see it free at home tonight, KQED, channel 9, 7 p.m.

"EXPERIMENTS IN SENSUALITY AND EROTICISM," short films by Scott Bartlett, Bruce Conner, George Kuchar, Norman McLaren and others, Betty Boop shorts too, Intersection, 756 Union, 397-6061, 6, 8 and 10 p.m., \$1 donation.

COUNTRY JOE and his new band and the Congress of Wonders, Inn of the Beginning, 8684 Old Redwood Highway, Cotati.

FIRST MEETING OF L'CHAIM, a new Jewish singles club, Clement Mixer, 708 Clement, 776-7414, 1-5 p.m.

WEEKEND

HOLIDAY FARE: Bach's B Minor Mass, Oakland Symphony Orchestra, Oakl. Auditorium Theatre, 10th/Fallon, Oakl., 8:30 p.m., Thurs.-Fri. Berlioz "Childhood of Christ," Seiji Ozawa conducts SF Symphony, Opera House, 626-8345, Thurs.-Fri.

KPFA CHRISTMAS CRAFTS FAIR, gourmet foods, strolling musicians, Pauley Ballroom, UC Student Union, Berk., 10 a.m.-8 p.m., 50¢ donation. Sat.-Sun.

"EVOLUTIONARY STUDIES," a dance piece, which according to the press release "left no view unmoved nor unchallenged" when first presented last spring, The Lesser Oakl. Dance Theatre, 4226 Park Blvd., Oakl., 530-6611, 8:30 p.m., \$2, Fri.-Sat.

VIDEO WORKS by Don Hallock and Bill Roarty of The National Center for Experiments in Television, Video Free America, 442 Shotwell, phone reserv. in adv.: 864-3760, 8:30 p.m., Fri.-Sun.

THIRD ANNUAL WHIRLING DERVISH BAZAAR, foot massages, tarot reading, palm reading, traditional Persian food, strolling minstrels, dancers, an Eastern version of the Renaissance fair, Sausalito Art Center, 55 Nevada, Sausalito, 12-8 p.m., \$1, Sat.-Sun.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG, back and better than ever with his new band, The Lion's Share, 60 Redhill Ave., San Anselmo, 454-9856, \$2.50, Fri.-Sun.

TAJ MAHAL, good chance to hear a subtle blues master in an intimate setting, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove, Berk., 548-6580, 9 p.m. and 11 p.m., \$3.50, Fri.-Sat.

LUIS GASCA, supercharged Latin ensemble, and John Handy, east meets west jazz innovator, Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, Thurs.-Sun.

...And for our big listings of the clubs, concerts, movies and art galleries, turn to Jeanette Foster's guide, pp. 22-23.

COMPLETE GOLDBERG VARIATIONS performed by Paul Hersh, Firemans' Fund Theatre, 3333 California, \$2.15, 8:30 p.m.

SUNNYLAND SLIM and his Blue Spirit Band, (sans Bloomfield) Chicago blues band, home-cooked soul food dinners tonight, Keystone Korner, 750 Vallejo, 7:30 p.m., \$1.50.

Tue. 19

"DREAM ANALYSIS and the Search for Psychological Truth in the Works of Jung, Cayce, Freud and Tolkien," a talk by Dr. Salsner, The Metaphysical Center, 420 Sutter, 7:30 p.m., \$2.

ART CHRISTMAS SALE, student works in paintings, drawings, sculpture, ceramics, photographs, prints, opening night party tonight (5-7 p.m.), SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, noon-8 p.m., thru Thurs.

BUDDY GUY AND JUNIOR WELLS, Chicago urban blues giants, Keystone Berkeley, 2119 University, Berk., 841-9903, thru Wed.

"BLACK GIRL'S WINDOW," an exhibit of Betye Saar's collages, hangings, boxes and assemblages, includes a black doll fastened to the stick of a metronome entitled "I've Got Rhythm," The Berkeley Art Center, 1275 Walnut, Berk., Tues.-Sun., 11 a.m.-5 p.m., thru Jan. 21.

Wed. 20

BENEFIT NORTHERN CALIF. PREMIERE OF "1776," a satirical musical on signing of Declaration of Independence, champagne reception, proceeds go to Mother Goose, the only organization in Calif. That brings creative arts workshops and performances to prisoners and institutionalized children, well worth supporting, \$17.76 single, \$25 for two, North Point Theatre, Powell/Bay, 8 p.m.

EXHIBIT OF STAINED GLASS panel and display case showing how stained glass windows are assembled, Eureka Valley Library, 3555 16th St., thru Dec. 1



Jimmy Witherspoon and his band. See Wed. 27.

performed by Transcendental Fever, followed by dancing to music by Cleveland Wracking Company and Sword and Stone, The Village, Columbus/Lombard, 8:30 p.m., \$2.

"A CELEBRATION OF WOMEN," an exhibit by woman artist, Hsiung-Zee Wong, Intersection, 756 Union, thru Dec. 31.

Sun. 24

FOR A JAZZY night before Christmas: jam sessions, Night Shade with Vince Wallace and Flip Nunez and Jules Rowell, Gackseraggle, 46th/Taraval, 664-9817, 3-11 p.m.

"BACH FESTIVAL," Bach Choir performs for its 100th time the time-honored "B Minor Mass," KQED, channel 9, 4:30 p.m.



Photo by Merrill Shindler

ANNUAL PARKS DEPARTMENT CHRISTMAS PROGRAM: ballet, tableaux and drama for adults and children, Recreational Arts Building, 50 Scott, 7:30 p.m., Dec. 15.

VARIETY SHOW with live music and carollers from neighborhood schools, Funston Playground, Chestnut/Buchanan, 2:30 p.m., Dec. 16.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY with Mother Goose and Friends, West Sunset Playground, 39th Ave./Ortega, 2:30 p.m., Dec. 20.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS PARTY, children of all nations will present special gifts, Mid-town/Playground, Clarendon/Olympia, 2 p.m., Dec. 21.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, puppet show, Cabrillo Playground, 38th Ave./Cabrillo, 2 p.m., Dec. 21.

STORY HOUR with the Princess of Argyle and her Royal Entourage, Sunshine Alley, 926 Irving, 3:30, every Wed.

SUPER-LIST

"Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking Spins the heavy world around."

—A. E. Housman

New Year's Eve, that annual bacchanal and fertility rite for the post-pubescent is almost upon us and the time is well nigh to consider where to take shelter. Should you not be inclined to spend the evening with a bottle of Gypsy Rose and a friend, here are some worthy debauches: immoral, illegal or fattening.

BEGIN YOUR REVELS: on Friday the 29th when the business district disposes of its 1972 calendars (along with truckloads of computer tape, flotsam and jetsam) by tossing it all out the window . . . into the street below. Begins at about noon and continues for the rest of the day.

SWELL PLACES TO SPEND YOUR EGG MONEY—or—BOOGIES, CELEBRATIONS AND WHOOPY PARTIES (and don't forget to make those reservations!):

BOARDING HOUSE: Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks; \$15/person includes midnight champagne buffet. Doors close at 10:30 so be there early. 960 Bush, 441-4333.

GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL: The Big Swinging Don Piccirilli Band, with singer Faith Winthrop; \$35/couple includes prime rib dinner and bottle champagne. 859 O'Farrell, 885-0750.

KEYSTONE KORNER: Jimmy Witherspoon; \$10/person, \$15/couple includes champagne. 750 Vallejo, 781-0697.

FABULOUS GREEK: \$15/person includes cocktails, 6-8 p.m., sitdown dinner, 8-10 p.m., all you can drink!; 10 p.m. on 2001 17th St., 863-6777, two drinks, party favors and break-

SURVIVING NEW YEAR'S EVE (or: SCYTHING UP THE NEW YEAR)

MIYAKO HOTEL: "King" Arthur Lyman in the Grand Ballroom; \$5 cover includes party favors. Post/Laguna, 922-3200.

ORPHANAGE: "Is"; \$8/person includes buffet dinner and champagne. 870 Montgomery, 986-8008.

THE COMMITTEE RETURNS: a new review, "Four More Years," having its final performance on New Year's Eve at 8:30, 10:30 and 12:30 p.m. For reservations and info, call 392-0807.

INTERSECTION: The Pitschel Players, The Nicklelettes and, on the silver screen, An Ory of Mirth and Mayhem, an insane hour of Betty Boop and Mickey Mouse cartoons followed by W. C. Fields in "The Barbershop," Charlie Chaplin in "Laughing Gas," Laurel and Hardy in "The Music Box," absurd TV commercials and Ronald Reagan in a WWII training film; \$2 donation includes refreshments. 756 Union, 397-6061.

MANDALA FOLK DANCE CENTER: Gala Anniversary Celebration with Bitov playing exciting Bulgarian dance music; \$2.50 admission includes refreshments and favors. 603 Taraval, 731-9829.

PALACE THEATRE: Sylvester and the Hot Band; SF's most glamorous rock 'n roll aggregation at North Beach's most outrageous family nightclub; tickets \$4, doors open at 12:30 a.m. 1741 Powell, 863-5857.

GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS: Walkabout, real laid-back group; no rib dinner and bottle champagne. cover charge for evening of bizarre, not necessarily clean, fun. Mississippi/Mariposa, 864-9377.

MINNIE'S CAN DO CLUB: Three bands including Mich and his Red Hot Mama; big party, no cover charge. 1915 Fillmore, 563-5017.

SAND CASTLE: Butch Whacks and the Glass Packs; \$6.50/person; show, two drinks, party favors and break-

CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL, game booths, prizes, refreshments, Presidio Heights Playground, Walnut/Clay, 1-4 p.m., Dec. 27.

MOCHI POUNDING CEREMONY, audience participation, a traditional Japanese New Year's celebration, free samples of this sweet rice cake, Kintetsu Bldg., Japan Center, Post/Buchanan, 2:30-4 p.m., Dec. 17.

"SANTA CLAUS' BEARD," adults and children in cast, SF Children's Opera Co., 460 Arguello Blvd., 2:30 p.m., \$2-\$2.50, Dec. 27.

"THE EMPEROR & THE NIGHT-INGALE" and two other short plays, Notre Dame des Victoires, 659 Pine, 392-4935, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., \$1 children, \$1.50 Adults, Dec. 16-22 and Dec. 26-30.

BALLOON LAUNCH, an experiment in wind mass movement using 150 helium filled balloons, Josephine D. Randall Jr. Museum, 199 Museum Way, 863-1399, 1 p.m., Dec. 14.

NOTE: This list is only a cross-section of the many clubs in town that will be bringing in the New Year in a Big Way. For other clubs see the Guardian entertainment list on page 22, choose your favorite night spot and have a Rabelaisian, raucous New Year.

ON YOUR HOME SCREEN: "NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH GUY LOMBARDO," a pre-recorded tradition, 11:30 p.m., KPX, Ch. 5.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE ROCK FESTIVAL," featuring Three Dog Night, 11:30 p.m., KRON, ch. 4.

STREET CORNER ACTION: In the hours leading to midnight the streets around North Beach/Chinatown/Broadway and at Market/Powell should start filling up with revellers waiting for the New Year. If you're around Chinatown watch out for firecrackers tossed from rooftops; the streets are heavily bombed all night long. Our North Beach 'maven' reports that a fine, cheap evening can be had by cruising around Chinatown for a while, hitting Sam Wo's or the Jackson Cafe for dinner, then moving across Columbus and up Grant to the Beer Garden or the Coffee Gallery for a beer and some good entertainment, finally greeting the New Year on Broadway and recuperating over some cappuccino in the Cafe Trieste or Enrico's.

WHERE THE SUN RISES: The sun rises on the other side of the Bay Bridge over the Berkeley hills and the Diablo range. It's a beautiful sight, after a night on the town, from Twin Peaks, Bernal Hill or the Coit Tower.

A Bay Area Holiday Guide

By Jeanette Foster

GUIDE TO GIFT EXCHANGING

Store	Special Policies
EMPORIUM —(return period up to a month)	Cash refund only with sales receipt; merchandise and gift exchange.
GUMP'S —(reasonable return period)	No cash refunds, gift exchange and merchandise credit only.
J.MAGNIN —(flexible return period)	Some cash refunds possible depending on dept. managers' judgment; usually give merchandise credit.
MACY'S —(no time limit)	Cash refund with receipt; otherwise, gift exchange or merchandise credit.
SEARS —(no set time for returns, depends on item)	Cash refund with receipt, otherwise, gift exchange or merchandise credit for any Sears in the country.
BRENTANO'S —(exchange only on current books that they carry)	Will exchange their own books and those purchased elsewhere provided they are in stock and salable. Items like 1973 calendar will not exchange after Jan. Cash refund with sales receipt. Exchange or merchandise credit.
STACY'S —(reasonable period for exchange)	Exchanges or gift certificates, no cash refunds. No exchange on sale books.
TOWER RECORDS —(flexible exchange if record is sealed)	Cash refund or merchandise credit mailed from Sacramento business office.
DISCOUNT RECORDS —(10 days for returns)	Must have receipt, no cash refunds, either merchandise credit or exchange.
F.A.O. SCHWARTZ —(30 days for returns)	Cash refunds only with receipt. Up to \$15 in cash available on items exchanged. Over \$15, credit voucher.
PLAYTHINGS —(immediate return for exchange)	Must have receipt, either cash refund or merchandise credit.
TOYS R US —(exchange only if they still carry the item)	Must have the receipt plus the original carton the toy came in. Cash refunds on some items, usually merchandise credit.



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AND DISPLAYS

UNION SQUARE: sixteen lighted yew trees.

MAIDEN LANE: decorated trees for two blocks, east of Union Square.

PODESTA BALDOCCHI: ornaments and lights decorating the trees in this huge florist shop. 224 Grant.

BANK OF AMERICA CENTER: softly lighted trees around the 50 ft. decorated Christmas tree in the fountain area of the plaza, California/Kearny.

ONE EMBARCADERO CENTER: giant illuminated snowflakes and two 30 ft. lighted trees, in the arcade and plaza. Carols daily during the week before Christmas. Battery St. bet. Sacramento and Clay.

GHIRARDELLI SQUARE: thousands of tiny lights turn on the plaza, 900 North Point.

COIT TOWER: Dec. 19, 6:30 p.m., giant tree of lights on the tower will be turned on, Telegraph Hill.

GOLDEN GATE PARK: Dec. 13-Jan. 1, massed display of poinsettias, illuminated floral plaque and recorded Christmas music, Conservatory; Dec. 18-Jan. 2, huge Monterey cypress tree at the Stanyan Street entrance is lighted.

SHEPHERD SCENE AND LIVE TABLEAU: Dec. 17-26, Lindley Meadow, Golden Gate Park, Kennedy Dr. near 30th Ave., nightly presentations by the Lutheran Churches, 7:30, 8 and 8:30 p.m.

CITY OF PARIS BY LIBERTY HOUSE: 45 ft. revolving indoor tree with 24,000 lights, garlands, snowflakes, gingerbread men, gum drops and candy canes; Stockton/Geary.

EMPORIUM: "Twas the Night Before Christmas," ice skating show, every Sat. in Dec., noon and 2 p.m., auditorium, 835 Market.

MACY'S: Popo the Clown and Lolo entertain the children who come to see Santa, 7th floor, Stockton/O'Farrell.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS LOBBY: Hansel and Gretel's Gingerbread House, costumed Santa's helpers serving complimentary punch in Lobby Court, Dec. 21-23, Powell/Geary.

SPECIAL EVENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

(See the Calendar, pp. 18-19, for more Christmas events.)

"THE NUTCRACKER," SF Ballet, Dec. 14-27, Opera House, SF, 626-8345.

"THE CHRISTMAS STAR," Dec. 14-Jan. 3, Morrison Planetarium, California Academy of Sciences, Golden Gate Park.

VISTA KEY FRIENDSHIP CLUB Christmas Party, Dec. 14, noon, Jackson Playground, 17th St./Arkansas, SF.

WINTER CONCERT, Dance Spectrum, Dec. 15-16, 8:30 p.m., Wabe, Lone Mountain College, 2800 Turk, SF, 752-7000, \$2.50/\$1.50 students.

KPFA CHRISTMAS CRAFT'S FAIR, Dec. 16-17, 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Pauley Ballroom, Student Union, UC Berk., 50¢.

CABLE CAR CAROLLERS, riding the Powell Street lines in early evening hours, Dec. 16-23.

"CHRISTMAS CACOPHONIA: Turn of the Century Musical Instruments," Dec. 16-31, Oakland Museum.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR: Dec. 16-17, crafts, baked goods, orders of fruit, nuts and cheese from the Food Conspiracy will be taken. 420 Ramona, Palo Alto, 326-9667.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, Dec. 17, 3 p.m., Opera Variety Theatre, 3944 Balboa, SF, 566-8805.

CHRISTMAS DANCE COURSE, Ann Halprin Christmas Course, Dec. 18-30, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., 321 Divisadero, SF, 626-0414, \$150, scholarships available.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS sung by the SF Boys Chorus, Dec. 19, noon, Chartered Bank of London, 465 California, SF.

CHRISTMAS SALE of student works, Dec. 19-21, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, SF.

"CHRISTMAS CAROL FESTIVAL" with SF school children, Dec. 19, noon, SF City Hall rotunda.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY set to music, Dec. 20, 7:30 p.m., Sunset Playground, 28th Ave./Lawton, SF.

SENIOR CITIZENS PARTY, Dec. 21, 1 p.m., Golden Gate Senior Center, 39th Ave./Fulton, SF.

"NUTCRACKER" Marin Civic Ballet, Dec. 20, 22, 2 p.m.; Dec. 21, 8 p.m., Marin Civic Center Aud., San Rafael, 453-6705, \$3.

"NIGHT IN OLD VIENNA," SF Symphony, Dec. 30, 8 p.m., De Anza College, Flint Center, Cupertino, 861-6240.

RADIO AND TV CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

KDFM (92.1 FM): Dec. 24: "Twas the Night Before Christmas," 6 p.m.; "Christmas Strings," 6:03 p.m.; "KDFM Christmas Card," 7 p.m.; "Christmas Carol," 7:30 p.m.; "Christmas Story," 10 p.m.; Organ Christmas Music, 10:30 p.m.

Dec. 25: Handel's "Messiah," 9 a.m.; "Country Christmas," 2 p.m.; Religious Christmas Program, 3 p.m.; "Christmas Strings," 6 p.m.; Stories of Christmas, 7 p.m.; Family Christmas Music, 8 p.m.; Contemporary Christmas Music, 9 p.m.

KFOG (104.5 FM): Dec. 24: 24 hours of uninterrupted religious and holiday music beginning 6 p.m.

KKHI (95.7 FM): Dec. 14: "Nutcracker," 9 a.m.; Dec. 23: Handel's "Messiah," 8 p.m.; Dec. 24: Doug Pledger's annual program of Christmas music, 7 p.m.; Dec. 25: Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion," 10 a.m.; Christmas music, 1:30 p.m.-6 p.m.

KIBE (1220 AM)/KDFC (102.1 FM): Dec. 25: Allegretto Program, Concert for Children, "Carnival of Animals," "Peter and the Wolf," "Sorcerer's Apprentice," "La Boutique Fantasque," 9:30 a.m.; "Messiah," noon; Concert Hour—"Brandenburg Concerto No. 4," "La Plus que Lente," excerpts from "The Nutcracker," "Violin Concert in D Major," 8 p.m. note: KIBE goes off the air at sunset, only KDFC will be broadcasting in the evening.

KSFO (560 AM): Dec. 18: "Old Time Radio Shows"—"Christmas Shopping," 10 p.m.; Dec. 19: Lux Radio Theatre "Miracle on 34th Street," part 1, 10 p.m.; Dec. 20: part 2, 10 p.m.; Dec. 21: "A-mos 'n Andy Christmas Show," 10 p.m.; Dec. 22: "A Christmas Carol," with Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge, 10 p.m.; Dec. 24: KSFO's version of "Christmas Carol," 8 p.m.

TV

"CHARLES DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL," Dec. 15, 8:30 p.m., KGO, Ch. 7.

"A NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS," Dec. 20, 11 p.m., and Dec. 22, 6:30 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

"A JOYFUL NOISE," Dec. 21, 8 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

"TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD'S WHITE CHRISTMAS," Dec. 23, 8 p.m., KRON, Ch. 4.

"AN AMERICAN CHRISTMAS," Dec. 23, 9 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC by Cornish Chorus of Grass Valley, Dec. 24, 12:30 p.m., KTVU, Ch. 2.

MERRITT COLLEGE CHRISTMAS MUSICAL SPECIAL, Dec. 24, 2 p.m., KTVU, Ch. 2.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EVE MASS, live from the Vatican, Dec. 24, 3 p.m., Ch. 2.

"BACH FESTIVAL," Dec. 24, 4:30 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

"MIDNIGHT MASS at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York," Dec. 24, midnight, KRON, Ch. 4.

"PETER AND THE WOLF," Dec. 27, 10 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

"CHRISTMAS 1776," Dec. 27, 9:30 p.m., KQED, Ch. 9.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

(See pp. 22-23 for Listings of Bay Area Clubs.)

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION, Copperhead and Weather Report, Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Winterland, Post/Steiner, SF, 863-2013, \$4/\$4.50 door.

BONNIE HAMPTON, Cellist and Nathan Schwartz, pianist, Dec. 15, 8 p.m., 1750 Arch, Berk., 841-0232, \$2.50/\$1.50 students.

B.B. KING, Copperhead and Weather Report, Dec. 16, 8 p.m., Winterland, Post/Steiner, SF, 863-2013, \$4/\$4.50 door.

DAVID CASSIDY, Dec. 16, 8 p.m., Civic Auditorium, SF, 775-2021.

"STARS OVER SF," with Chicken Band, Dec. 16, 8 p.m., Concert Hall Mills College, Oakland.

COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA, Mary Helen Weinstein, violin soloist, Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Fine Arts Theatre, Marin College, Kentfield.

SUFI CHOIR, Dec. 22, 8 p.m. Unitarian Church, Geary/Franklin, SF, \$2.50.

LILY TOMLIN AND BILL WITHERS, Dec. 29-30, Circle Star Theatre, 982-6550.

HOLIDAY ON ICE, Dec. 26-31, Cow Palace, 334-4852.

YEHUDI MENUHIN WITH THE SF SYMPHONY, Jan. 3-5, Opera House, 626-8345.

MISCHA DICHTER, piano recital, Jan. 7, 3 p.m., Opera House, SF, 626-8345.
JANET BAKER WITH THE SF SYMPHONY, Jan. 10-13, Opera House, SF, 626-8345.
DONALD O'BRIEN, ROBERT KRUPNICK, JUDIYABA, perform works by Brahms, Jan. 13-15, 8 p.m. 1750 Arch, Berk., 841-0232, \$2.50/\$1.50 student.
MARIN YOUTH ORCHESTRA, Jan. 17, 8 p.m. Marin Veteran Building, San Rafael, 472-3500.
BAND CONCERTS, every Sun., 1 p.m. (weather permitting), Music Concourse, Golden Gate Park.
ORGAN RECITALS, every Sat./Sun., 3:30 p.m., California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park.
ELLA FITZGERALD AND COUNT BASIE, Dec. 14-17, Circle Star Theatre, 982-6550.
THE TRUMPET, Barber Capricorn Concerto, Dec. 14, 8 p.m., School of Orpheus, 1750 Arch, Berk., 526-0738.

FILMS

MARIN VETERAN BUILDING: "Winter People," ski movie, Dec. 15, 8 p.m.; "Rhine Journey in the 70's," Jan. 8, 8:15 p.m.; "A Woman for all Seasons," Jan. 12, 10:30 a.m. San Rafael, 472-3500.
DIABLO VALLEY COLLEGE: "Smiles of a Summer Night," Dec. 15, 7 p.m., Forum, Diablo Valley College, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445, free.
INTERSECTION: "Pas de Deux," Dec. 17; Christmas Special, Keaton, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, Keystone Cops, Dec. 26. All shows 6 p.m., 8 p.m., 10 p.m. 756 Union, 397-6061, \$1. "Poppy" and "The Circus," Jan. 7; "Son of the

Sheik," "Every Inch A Man," "The Golf Specialist," "Penthouse," Jan. 14. 756 Union, SF.
DE ANZA COLLEGE: "Hong Kong and Macao," Dec. 17, 7:30 p.m. Flint Center, Cupertino, 257-9555, \$2.
CANYON CINEMATHEQUE: "Sacred Art of Tibet," "Rite," "Sketches," "Women's Lib," and "19 Bygone Sweethearts," Dec. 14, 8:30 p.m., Australian Filmmakers, Arthur and Corinne Cantrill, Dec. 21; "The Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes," "Women's House," "Beatrice Checi" and "The Mauseuse," Jan. 11. All shows 8:30 p.m. SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut, SF, \$1.50.
CONCORDIA HIGH SCHOOL: "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "THX 1138" and "Flash Gordon," Dec. 15-17, 7:30 p.m. 6325 Camden, Oakl., 632-4332, \$1.25.
CENTO CEDAR CINEMA: "The Thin Man," and "To Be or Not to Be," Dec. 14-16; "Ball of Fire" and "The Barbary Coast," Dec. 17-20; "Children of Paradise," Dec. 21-27; "Spite Marriage," Dec. 28-30; "Little Women" and "Showboat Round the Bend," Jan. 7-10; "Roberta" and "Just Imagine," Jan. 11-13. Cedar/Larkin, SF, 776-8300.
MERRITT COLLEGE: "The Birds, The Bees and the Italians," 7 p.m. and 9 p.m., Cafeteria, 12500 Campus Dr., Oakl.
GATEWAY CINEMA: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races," Dec. 13-19; "Camille" and "Pride and Prejudice," Dec. 20-Jan. 2. 215 Jackson, SF, 421-3353.
NORTHSIDE THEATRE: "Derby" and "Gimme Shelter," Dec. 14-20; "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" and "Ned

Kelly," Dec. 21-27; "Suspicion" and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," Dec. 28-Jan. 3. 1828 Euclid, Berk.
SF MUSEUM OF ART: "White Heat," Dec. 15, 7:30 p.m.; "Show People" and "Salome," Dec. 17, 2 p.m.; "Phantom India: Parts III and IV," Dec. 19, 7:30 p.m.; "Twentieth Century," Dec. 22, 7:30 p.m.; "Phantom India: Parts V and VI," Dec. 26, 7:30 p.m.; "Phantom India: Part VII" and short films by Bay Area filmmakers, Dec. 29, 7 p.m. Van Ness/McAllister, SF, 863-8800, \$1.
SURF: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "Black Orpheus," Dec. 14-20; "King Kong" and "Room Service," Dec. 21-27. 4510 Irving, SF, 664-6300.
PACIFIC ARCHIVE: "Born Yesterday," 7:30 p.m. Dec. 14; "Pat and Mike," Dec. 14, 9:30 p.m.; "Sylvia Scarlett," Dec. 15, 7:30 p.m.; "Little Women," Dec. 15, 9:30 p.m.; "My Fair Lady," Dec. 16, 4:30 p.m.; "The Philadelphia Story," Dec. 16, 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; "The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach," Dec. 17, 4:30 p.m. and Dec. 18, 7:30 p.m.; "Walkabout," Dec. 17, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.; "Outback," Dec. 18, 9:30 p.m.; "The Actress," Dec. 19, 7:30 p.m.; "Heller in Pink Tights," Dec. 19, 9:30 p.m.; "Malcolm X," Dec. 20, 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; "Dinner at Eight," Dec. 22, 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; Seventh Annual International Tournee of Animation, Dec. 23, 4:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m.; Original Betty Boop, Popeye and other rare cartoons, Dec. 25, 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; "A Woman's Face," Dec. 26, 9:30 p.m.; "Adam's Rib," Dec. 26, 9:30 p.m.; "They Might Be Giants," Dec. 27, 7 p.m. and 9:50 p.m.; "Study in Scarlet," Dec. 27, 8:30 p.m.; "Massacre," Dec. 28, 7:30

p.m.; "Journey through Rosebud," Dec. 28, 9:30 p.m.; "Duck You Sucker," Dec. 29, 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.; "The Big Sleep," Dec. 30, 7:30 p.m.; "Casablanca," Dec. 31, 7 p.m. and 10:30 10:30 p.m.; "Play it Again Sam," Dec. 31, 8:50 p.m. and 12:15 p.m. University Art Museum, 2621 Durant, Berk., 642-1412, \$1.
MIDNIGHT MOVIES: Winners and Highlights from this years 10th Ann Arbor Film Festival, part 1, Dec. 16th; part 2, Dec. 23; part 3, Dec. 30; "Peed into the Wind" and "Final Episode," Jan. 6. Presidio Theatre, 2340 Chestnut, SF, 921-2931.

OPENING DURING THE HOLIDAYS:

"MAN OF LA MANCHA," opens Dec. 14, RKO Golden Gate Theatre, Golden Gate/Taylor, SF, 673-4841.
"1776," opens Dec. 21, Northpoint Theatre, 2290 Powell, SF, 989-6060.
"SLEUTH," opening Dec. 20, Regency I, 1320 Van Ness, SF, 673-7141.
"YOUNG WINSTON," Ghirardelli Square Cinema, Polk/Beach, SF, 441-7088.

EXTRAS

If you would like a copy of the Wonderful Christmas Guide from last issue, drop by at 1070 Bryant during business hours.

OOPS!

In our Wonderful Christmas Guide last issue, our tipsy elves incorrectly listed Koret of Calif., 611 Mission, as a factory outlet; and Blindcraft, 1097 Howard, as a Christmas card distributor. They're not. We're sorry for any inconvenience caused by these goofs. □

The Boarding House

December 12-16
TOM RUSH
Peter Rowan

December 17
STONEGROUND, one night only
December 19-24
COUNTRY JOE MCDONALD
& his All-Star Band
Steve Martin

December 26-31
DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS
Siaxon the Magician

Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks
Siaxon the Magician
Dancing
Midnight Buffet
Champagne

New Year's Eve Party

January 2-7
JESSE COLIN YOUNG
January 16-21
HERBIE HANCOCK
Victoria

\$15 per person
make advance reservations

family dining 960 Bush
entertainment 441-4333

ORION

Coffee House /
Entertainment Nightly /
6 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Beer / Wine / Irish Coffee /
Vegetarian Dinners

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474-9834

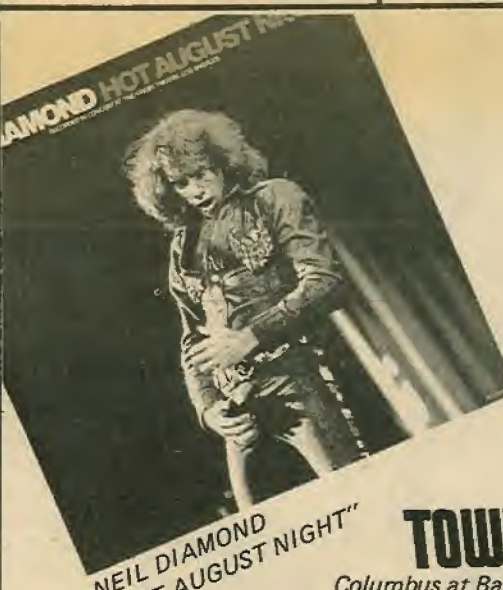


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December
14th - 18th

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"What You See
Is What You Get"

December
22nd - 23rd

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"Dedicated to the
One I Love"

December
28th - 31st

WHISPERS

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Coming:

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Gladys Knight
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Entertainment Listings

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Call theatre for showtime. 921-1234
opens December 20
Mary Costa - Horst Buchola
Rossano Brazzi
THE GREAT WALTZ

Real Reels

CENTO CEDAR Cedar-Larkin
Call theatre for showtime. 776-8300
Dec. 14-16 The Original!
THE THIN MAN
Carole Lombard - Jack Benny
TO BE OR NOT TO BE
Dec. 17-20 Two by Howard Hawks
BALL OF FIRE
THE BARBARY COAST
Dec. 21-27 Marcel Carne's
CHILDREN OF PARADISE
Dec. 28-30
FRA DIAVOLO
SPITE MARRIAGE
Dec. 31-Jan. 3 George Cukor's
LITTLE WOMEN (1933)
SHOWBOAT (1936)
Jan. 4-6 Two by Howard Hawks
TWENTIETH CENTURY
HIS GIRL FRIDAY
Jan. 7-10 Two by John Ford
GRAPES OF WRATH
STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND
Jan. 11-13 Musicals
ROBERTA
JUST IMAGINE

REGENCY I VanNess & Sutter
673-7141
opens December 22
Walter Matthau - Carol Burnett
PETE & TILLIE
FILMED IN SF

REGENCY II Sutter/Van Ness
673-7141
opens December 22
Burt Reynolds - Jon Voight
DELIVERANCE

SURF Irving at 46th Ave.
Mo 4-6300
Thurs.-Wed./Dec. 14-20
SHADOWS OF
FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS
BLACK ORPHEUS

Thurs.-Wed./Dec. 21-27
KING KONG
Marx. Bros. **ROOM SERVICE**

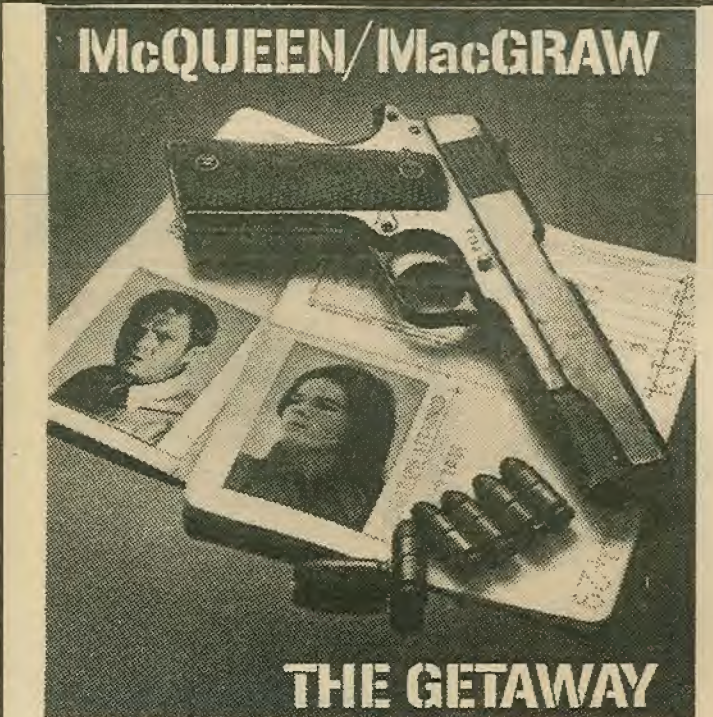
Thurs.-Wed./Dec. 28-Jan. 3
Final Showing!
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
Bogart-Davis-Howard
THE PETRIFIED FOREST
Thurs. Jan. 4
Premier American Showing
Uncensored Documentary Filmed
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THE JAIL

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THE JAIL plus prizewinning films
from Berkeley Film House Competition
Thurs.-Wed./Jan. 11-17
THE JAIL
MALCOLM X

CLAY Fillmore at Clay
346-1123 **\$1.50**
Dec. 14-16
Michael Caine - Peter Sellers
THE WRONG BOX
Margaret Rutherford
MURDER SHE SAID
Dec. 17-21
PERFORMANCE
BARBARELLA
Dec. 22-28
SAVAGE MESSIAH
Bertolucci's
THE CONFORMIST
Dec. 29-Jan. 2
ELVIRA MADIGAN
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QUINCY JONES - A SOLAR/FOSTER-BROWER PRODUCTION - PRODUCED BY
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poetry reading, Mon.; audience par-
ticipation-game night, Tues.; film and
mime, Wed.; light drama, Thurs.; folk
singing, Fri.; sing along, Sat. 3145 Fill-
more, 931-1713.

Boarding House: Tom Rush and
Peter Rowan, Dec. 13-16; Stone-
ground, Dec. 17; Country Joe Mc-
Donald and his All Star Band, Dec.
19-24; Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks
(special party on New Years), Dec.
26-31; Jesse Colin Young, Jan. 2-7;
Ramblin' Jack Elliott and Martin
Mull, Jan. 9-14; Herbie Hancock,
Jan. 16-21. 960 Bush, 441-4333,
admission varies.

Family Pharmacy: Chris Flanders,
Dec. 14; Noel Day, Dec. 15, 22; Classi-
cal Hoot, 3-5 p.m. and Stan (evening),
Dec. 16, 23, 30; Terraplane, Dec. 17,
24; Auditions, Dec. 18; Dev Singh,
Dec. 19, 26; Kirk Olson, Dec. 20, 27;
Dennis Doyle, Dec. 21, 28; Tom
Smith, Dec. 25, 31; California/Divisa-
dero, 567-5499, 50¢.

Keystone Korner: Luis Gasca and
John Handy, Dec. 13-17; Chick Corea,
Dec. 27-31; Airtio Moreira, Joe Farrel,
Stanley Clark, Flora Purim and Sur-
prise guests, Dec. 31. 750 Vallejo,
781-0697, admission varies.

Ribeltad Vorden: Improvised Mad-
ness, Dec. 14&21; Family Grace, Dec.
15; Nermala and Will Porter Group,
Dec. 16; Jazz with David Smith and
Paul Carolyn Distel, Dec. 17&24;
Ricardo, Dec. 18; Al McCann, Dec.
19&26; Joe Taylor Dec. 20&27; Tom
Duncan, Dec. 22; Middlejohn & Co.,
Dec. 23. Precita/Folsom Sts. 826-9818.



Orion: John Skers and Tag, Dec. 14;
David Pomeranz, Dec. 15; Chet and
Ramesh, Dec. 16. 40 Cedar Alley, 50¢
minimum.

Orphanage: Abel, Dec. 14-16; All
Star Jam with Crystal, Dec. 17; Sword
and Stone, Dec. 19, 26-27; Magic, Dec.
20; Frank Biner, Dec. 21-23; Is, Dec.
28-31; New Years Party, \$8. 870 Mont-
gomery, 986-8008, \$2.

Paul's Saloon: Hired Hands, Thurs./
Sat.; Phantoms of the Opry, Fri. 3251
Scott, 922-2456.

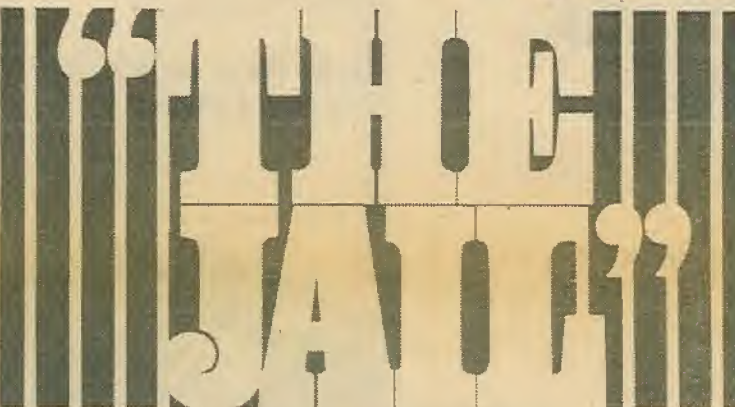
Gackscraggle: High Tide Harris Blues
Band, every Thurs.; Woody Shaw,
Dec. 15-16; Night Shade, with Sam
Cady, Vince Wallace, Tom Rutley
and Bob Balanski, Dec. 17; San Fran-
cisco Band, Dec. 19; Bob Balanski
Quartet, Dec. 20, 29-30; Merlin, Dec.
24; Night Shade and Flip Nunez and
Jules Rowell, Dec. 24; Connections
Benefit, Dec. 27; Night Shade with
Vince Wallace, Flip Nunez and Jules
Rowell, Dec. 31. Jan. 7, 14; El'rae
Sivadd and The Majic Spirit Band,
Jan. 5-6; Hal Stein, Jan. 12-13. 46th/
Taraval, 664-9817, admission varies.

Great American Music Hall: Ted
Ashford Group, Dec. 14-15; Gumbo,
Dec. 16-17; Don Plestrup Group, Dec.
29-31; Herb Ellis-Joe Pass Quartet,
Jan. 6; Woody Herman Band, Jan.
12-13. 859 O'Farrell, 885-0750, admission
varies.

EAST BAY

Longbranch: Asleep at the Wheel
and Tokpele, Tues.; Clover and Bana-
na and the Bunch, Thurs.; Earthquake
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son Street, Sat. 2504 San Pablo, Berk.,
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some say he never will be.



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which doesn't cost much for ex-
change, food, performers and santa,
Dec. 20; Annie and Daive and Friends,
Dec. 21; The Moons, Dec. 22-23; Hoot,
every Tues.; Singer's Circle, Dec. 27,
Hoyle Osborne and Ray Birel, Dec.
28; Peter Rowan and David Grisman,
Dec. 29-30. 1827 San Pablo, Berk.
548-1761, admission varies.

Keystone Berkeley: Jerry Corbitt,
Dec. 14; Buddy Guy and Junior Wells,
Dec. 19-20. 2119 University, Berk.,
841-9903, admission varies.

New Orleans House: Star Moun-
tain, Dec. 14, \$1.50; Truckin', Dec.
15-16, \$2.50; Improvisation, Inc., Dec.
17, \$1; Sons of Champlin and Uncle
Vinty, Dec. 22-23, \$2.50. 1505 San
Pablo, 525-2221.

Tuckett Inn: Jeahruboe Fatt and
Workin Man's Band, Dec. 14-16; Joker,
Dec. 19-23; Delta Wires, Dec. 26-30,
Beer 15¢ every Tues., mixed wine
drinks 25¢ every Thurs. 18564 Mission,
Hayward, \$1.

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Chuck's Cellar: Ellen and Marsha
Graham, Thurs.; John Dorsey, Fri.;
Gideon and Power, Sat.; Tom Mar-
tin, Sun.; Terry Felderman, Mon.;
Heinz and Meyers, Tues.; Saturday's
Luck, Wed. 4926 El Camino Real,
Los Altos, 964-0220.

Homer's Warehouse: Max Tout,
Dec. 14; Charlie Dog, Dec. 15; Fluid
Drive, Dec. 16; Tanden West, Dec.
20, 27-28; Kelly, Dec. 21; Sword and
Stone, Dec. 22, 27; Incense, Dec. 23;
Jullius Schmidt, Dec. 30; New Year's
Eve Party, Dec. 31. 79 Homer, Palo
Alto, 328-6622, admission varies.

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'SOUNDER'
TO SWEEP
THIS YEAR'S
ACADEMY
AWARDS.
I CAN'T
RECALL ANY
FILM THAT
WAS SO
VISUALLY
MOVING."

-Dave Sheehan, KNXT-TV



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KEVIN HOOKS
co-starring TAJ MAHAL
JANET MACLACHLAN
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screenplay by LONNE ELDER, III
based on the Newbery Award winning Novel
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songs and music by TAJ MAHAL
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In Your Ear: Audition night, Mon.; Pat Biscont and Charlie Nothing, Tues.; Asleep at the Wheel, Wed. 135 University, Palo Alto, 328-1480.


Inn of the Beginning: Mendocino All Stars, Dec. 14, \$2; Mike White Quartet, Dec. 15-16, \$2; Country Joe McDonald and Congress of Wonders, Dec. 17, \$2; All you can eat spaghetti feed, Dec. 20, \$1.95; Christmas Party, Dec. 21, \$2; Frontier and Rosalee Sorrels, Dec. 22, \$2. 8684 Old Redwood Highway, Cotati, (707) 795-3481.

Sleeping Lady Cafe: Kendal, Dec. 14; Congress of Wonders, Dec. 15; Christening, Dec. 16; Space City, Dec. 17; Fairfax Choir, Dec. 18; Hot Hoot, Dec. 20; Marcus, Dec. 21; SF Strutters, Dec. 22; Noel Day, Dec. 23; HUG!, Dec. 28; Congress of Wonders, Dec. 29. 58 Bolinas Rd., Fairfax, 456-2044.

Lion's Share: Sunnyland Slim Blues Band, Dec. 14, \$2.50; Jesse Colin Young and his band, Dec. 15-17, \$2.50; Clover, Dec. 18, \$1.50; Auditions every Tues. \$1; The Sons and The Fletcher Brothers, Dec. 21, \$2.50; Alice Stuart and Snake, Dec. 21-23, \$2.50. 60 Redhill, San Anselmo, 454-9856.

Resh House: Prairie Madness and Panama (formerly Gold Dust), Dec. 15-16, closed the last two weeks in Dec. 267 Shoreline Highway, Tam Junction/Mill Valley, 388-9298, \$2.

Uncle Sam's: Hot Chakra, Dec. 14; Synergy, John Brandeburg and Krispin Campbell, Dec. 15-16; Clover, Dec. 20, 27; Bittersweet, Dec. 21; Crows Landing, Dec. 22-23; Stag Mountain, Dec. 28; Elvis Duck and High Country, Dec. 29-30. 8196 Bodega, Sebastopol, 823-9842. □



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Mime by Marcel Marceau
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Gaslight / Adam's Rib
Born Yesterday
Pat and Mike
A Star is Born
My Fair Lady

His name is George Cukor
HIS LATEST IS:

Travels with my Aunt

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Dec. 14, 15, 16
Luis Gaschi
John Handy
Dec. 17
Luis Gaschi
Dec. 18
Sunny Land Slim
Closed till Dec. 26th
Dec. 27 thru 31
Jimmy Witherspoon

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\$15 per Couple

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but most 'in' movie of 1972!"**

"This has to be the most far-out, but most 'in' movie of 1972. If you ever played Monopoly, you will catch the title's reference. It's getting awfully close to owning the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, and winning the game. At one time, it would be called winning the American dream. Well, that's exactly what Bruce Dern is after in this wild, yet lacerating movie. He dreams impossible get-rich-quick schemes, and insists on trying them out on his far more prosaic brother (Jack Nicholson) and his much too realistic lady friend (Ellen Burstyn). Directed by Bob Rafelson, who two years ago gave us 'Five Easy Pieces', THE KING OF MARVIN GARDENS is every bit as off-beat and original as the earlier film—and every bit as demanding. It catches all of the sadness of the American dream turned sour, but it also conveys all of the exhilaration that the dreamer must have while it all seems real and possible. Its persuasive blend of realism and fantasy is in itself an incredible achievement."

The King of Marvin Gardens

Jack Nicholson Bruce Dern Ellen Burstyn

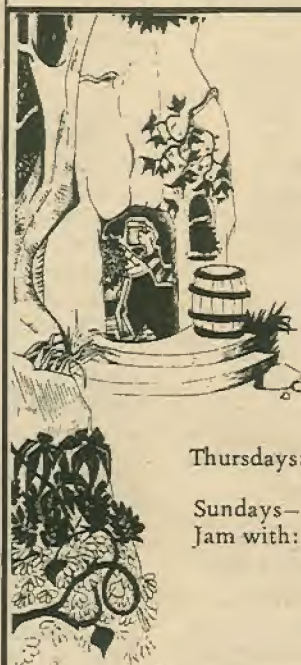
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Prison Verité: S.F. Filmmakers in Jail

By Larry Peitzman

THE JAIL, a documentary by Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau and Bill Yahraus. Opens Jan. 5, at the Surf, 4510 Irving, 664-6300.

The frightening thing about "The Jail," a new documentary by Bay Area filmmakers Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Sol Landau and Bill Yaharas, is not that it shows conditions in our county jail to be so much worse than we had imagined them, but that it shows conditions to be just as we had imagined them.

The jail, which looks from the outside a little like the Life Sciences Building at Cal., is filled with petty criminals, probation violators, homosexuals, all shoved into cells with bunk beds (it is apparently somewhere written in stone that prisons must have bunk beds), with nothing to do but watch soap operas on television, play dominoes and talk a lot about sex. It all seems rather like a nightmare version of life in a college dormitory, and it has about as much to do with rehabilitation as that aspect of college life has to do with education. The sign on the Rehabilitation Center, in fact, reads "No Admittance."

The film holds out very little hope for any of these prisoners, and the prisoners seem to hold out very little hope for themselves. One homosexual, who's a prostitute on the outside because "it's fun, a game," was convicted of violating Section 647A, he tells us, but "I don't know what that means." Several of the inmates got busted for parole violation when they were accused of committing another crime, and even though they beat the rap, they're still in jail for the parole violation.

There's nothing for these prisoners to do but mark time, count the days if they can tell them apart. Nobody seems very interested in doing anything with them but keeping them off the streets. One of the cops who run the jail thinks the state should have just one big prison somewhere in the Mojave Desert, where the prisoners are fed just enough food and water to keep them alive. "I don't think it would be a very popular idea," the cop says wryly.

There are a few surprising aspects of jail life—the prisoners seem to have a little more opportunity to get out of their cells and talk to other prisoners than one would have expected from old James Cagney movies, but what is astonishing is how strongly the life in this jail conforms to what we thought it would be like. The homosexuality of jail life, which we always read about, is almost palpable in the film. The police chief explains carefully that the homosexuals are separated and quartered in their own tier, the "Queens' tier," but that there aren't enough of them to fill an entire block so the older men and cripples, rather than the "young bucks," are put in with them. "The queens are very clean," the chief adds.

The chief comic relief in this bleak spectacle are the sheriff's men who are in charge. Their unconscious humor is a wonder, so incredible that the man sitting next to me muttered halfway through the film, "These have got to be paid actors":

* One guard is asked if the criminal element has changed. "It's gotten worse," he replies adamantly. Why? "It's the radicals," he says. "They've got the criminal element convinced that society's at fault. Now the criminals are all self-righteous." Where did this radical impulse come from? "It's like the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation always said. It's the Communist background."

* The prison chef, responding to questions about the quality of the food: "When you got 700 people to feed, you can't make something for every taste. You can't please everybody."

* The lieutenant: "We didn't have any trouble; then we got humane. You've got to use the carrot and the stick with these guys. There's three kinds of people that respond to the carrot and the stick: children, criminals and women."

* A jail guard who resembles George Wallace is asked how he came to join the sheriff's department. "Lack of education," he says. "And I was too short for the police. You're not gonna attract your egg-heads to this job."

* First deputy: "The longer I stay here, the better the beer tastes when I get home." Second deputy: "It's not unusual for people in law enforcement to drink a lot."

The cops in this film are made out to be such fascists, racists and sexists that it almost wrecks the film. Maybe that's the way it is, but it is hard to believe that the cops in this film didn't say one decent thing or make one humane gesture while the film was being made. "The Jail" asks us to be totally divorced, feel totally superior to law officers in the film, but that is simply incompatible with the kind of loose documentary "The Jail" aims to be.

"The Jail" is modeled on the documentaries of Frederick Wiseman ("Titticut Follies," "Hospital," "High School," "Basic Training"), in which there is no narration, no overt structure; events simply unfold for us.



Poet Michael Beasley from "The Jail"

But in Wiseman's films we are drawn in from the very beginning; we are made to see that the people in the institutions Wiseman is filming are like us. There was the teacher in "High School" who, however misguided, tried to teach her students poetry by analyzing Simon and Garfunkel's "Sounds of Silence," and the nurse in "Hospital" who tried to get a hospital bed for a little boy who's been abandoned by his parents. In Wiseman's films, the institutional cruelties are always undercut by small, random, humane gestures, by reminders that *we* are the people who run the institutions.

"The Jail" does not do this until the film is almost over, when it's too late to make us feel any connection with the guards. In a very fine sequence, late in the film, a black cop quotes James Baldwin and worries about the dilemma of one of the inmates, a "jailhouse poet," who will never make it on the outside, never find a place to be somebody; the film then cuts to a close-up of the prisoner reading one of his poems, written on a sheet of loose-leaf paper, a rivetting, rhythmic, blank verse piece about life on a ghetto street, and the effect of the juxtaposition of these two scenes is touching.

But it's too late in the film and probably too little (there's only one other instance of decency on the part of the prison staff: when a kitchen aide sneaks some stale bread to the prisoners); we have already dismissed them as pigs, and we never feel any complicity in their actions.

There's a kind of dehumanization of the prisoners, too, that is even more disturbing. We never really get to know much about the individual prisoners, other than what they are like in jail. We don't know how they got to jail or why. (I don't know any more about Section. 647A than the prisoner did.) They're just numbers to us, as they are to their jailers.

By chance, ABC last week ran a program called "Truman Capote Behind Prison Walls," in what the network still laughably refers to as Dick Cavett's timeslot, and the Capote program makes an interesting contrast to "The Jail." Capote's show was carefully structured to make room for the commercials. And Capote's interviews with San Quentin inmates were desperately commercial in another sense: Capote used his novelist's skills to arrange each interview so that it ended with a zingy, shocking revelation, turning each interview into a little pot-boiler vignette.

But while there was something lip-smackingly voyeuristic about Capote's technique, we did sense Capote's genuine fascination with each individual case. Capote clearly wanted to know what psychological forces moved this particular interviewee to become a criminal.

This is a feeling that "The Jail," perhaps by design, completely lacks. The journalists who made "The Jail" want us to see the social conditions that exist in our correctional institutions, and in this they succeed spectacularly—but at some cost, because in order to do this, they push us outside the film. They ask us to feel contempt for the law officers as pigs, which we do. But in either case, they are really putting us in the position of feeling superior to the people in the movie. I am not sure that this is a good thing or what the filmmakers intended.

Despite such flaws, "The Jail" is a remarkable document, and it should be seen. The Surf Theatre, which will show the film for one week starting January 5, deserves credit for giving the film a commercial run. But even if the movie is a great success, one week at one theatre—how much does that mean?

We, as an audience, *need* to see "The Jail." Prison reform has become a very hot subject lately, and it's very chic. Even Richard Kleindienst says he's for it.

There's a movement afoot to consolidate San Francisco's city and county jails in an effort to improve the facilities, and until the Board of Supervisors opposed the plan two weeks ago, federal authorities were (and may still be) projecting a \$6 million, 12-story jail to be constructed smack in the middle of San Francisco's Civic Center. But how many of us really know what the jails are like, in the way that we know what it's like to be a student in the public schools or an employee in a big office building or a patient in a modern hospital? We can read about prison life and think about it, but "The Jail" makes us *feel* what it is like, and that is just about the best that documentary filmmaking can achieve.

"The Jail" is the kind of film that belongs on television where it could reach a mass audience. The possibility that such a film would ever be shown on commercial TV is obviously remote; that does not, of course, excuse the network stations. But why "The Jail" isn't being shown on KQED, our allegedly public television station, is a problem we all should ponder.

KQED is definitely touchy about the subject. Director of Programming Jon Rice offered me a byzantine explanation of why the film is not scheduled for public broadcasting, which included the following elements: (1) "The Jail" has never been offered to KQED because Paul Jacobs and the other filmmakers know that the station hasn't got enough money to pay for it, although (2) Jacobs has asked Rice to see the film at outside screenings (Rice says he is busy and has asked for a special in-house screening, which he hasn't gotten so far) and although (3) Rice has never actually discussed price with Jacobs or anyone else connected with the film.

That, for the record, is KQED's explanation. One can only wonder why somebody at KQED hasn't found time to see the film and why San Francisco's only public television station can't raise enough bread from the Big Money in this supposedly cosmopolitan city to put on the air a documentary about our county jail. For crying out loud, this film has already been shown on television in New York. Maybe the blame cannot be laid entirely on KQED. If some way isn't found to get "The Jail" onto television, where it belongs, the failure should be a black mark not really for KQED but for the entire city. □

FOR BAY AREA FILMS:
See the Holiday Movie Guide on page 21.

The Disc Market in San Francisco

By Tim Cahill

'Tis the season, so they say, to be jolly. Also it is the biggest record buying season of the year—and the record companies, as they do every year, will be releasing their sure-shot albums for the holidays.

With this in mind, a friend of mine and I checked out several retail record outlets in San Francisco. We wanted to compare pricing, inventory, atmosphere and special services. The following list is not a complete guide to the city's record stores; we tried to hit the biggest stores, a few specialty stores, and shops in various parts of the city. We did not have room for several very good stores.

There wasn't a great deal of price variation (in each store we priced the two top LPs of "Billboard's" Pop, Easy Listening, and Country charts). Salespeople were invariably friendly and helpful. It seems like the folks who sell records for a living are doing what they really like to do. They love and treasure records in the same way a bibliophile treasures his books.

A lot of record store employees are musicians waiting for a break. Tracy Nelson made a record in Chicago which didn't sell well, so she came to Berkeley and worked at Discount Records until she got it together with Mother Earth. I was shopping at Discount one day and I saw someone pick Tracy's Chicago effort ("Deep Are The Roots") out of the \$1.69 bin. Nelson was clerking that day and the guy brought the record to her.

"That's a fine record," Tracy said.

"Well, I never heard of the broad, but Charlie Musselwhite plays harp on a couple of tracks."

"I tell you," Tracy Nelson said, "that Tracy Nelson can really sing."

The Wherehouse, 1845 Ocean Avenue: this store is a branch of one of the West Coast's fastest growing chains. Owned by Integrity Entertainment, the SF store is slightly bigger than most branches. Inventory estimated at 75,000 records. Three more stores are scheduled for the Bay Area in the next year. Parking is fair on nearby streets. They say they want to move away from top 40 stock and deal in prestige rock, R&B, jazz and classical. There is a good selection of budget

classics. All records in our pricing group were priced at \$3.89, but a holiday sale brings 90 percent of the inventory down to \$3.49. Two records in our group cost \$3.29 for the sale.

The Wherehouse also carries paraphernalia and a full tape selection, and bins full of old Lemon Piper and Lawrence Welk LPs going for 69¢ apiece. The atmosphere is consciously laid-back.

Tower Records, Columbus at Bay: this is the place that calls itself "the largest record store in the known world." It has an inventory estimated at some 800,000 records which is easily three times the size of the next largest store in the city.

Four years ago, when Tower opened, they had the lowest prices in town. They got us all in there to take a look, hooked us on the easy parking, the hours (9 a.m. to midnight), got us drooling over the selection and then raised prices accordingly. Still, Tower is the kind of place a record lover can spend hours and dollars in.

Discount Records, 262 Sutter: a national chain owned by CBS. Hours, 8:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Friday, noon to 5 p.m. on Sunday and 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday. This store is practically a San Francisco institution. It has been in its present location for some 15 years and prides itself on "the most complete classical line in San Francisco." Inventory worth estimated at \$250,000.

Parking at the garage across the street: 50¢ for the first half hour. "We cater to a serious clientele."

Ross Records, 1630 Haight: the owner, J. Ross, was a bit suspicious of us.

"What's your inventory," asked after identifying ourselves and our purpose.

"Who's the biggest?"

"Tower."

"Who after that?"

"Probably Discount."

"Who after that?"

"They start to even out."

"Okay, just write down that we're the next biggest."

Ross sells only rock, soul, jazz and blues. No classical. It is a good sized store and the least expensive for our pricing group: all records in the place sold for \$2.84. The music in the store is loud enough to make conversation difficult and there are mandalas and prints, Haight-like, all over the walls. Ross has been in its present location a soulful 2½ years.

The Magic Flute, 510½ Frederick near Stanyan, just down the street from Ross: owner-operator Bob Flynn specializes in jazz—especially rare, out of print discs or collector's items. "We are unusual and we don't compete with any store in the city." All LPs are used; there are an estimated 20,000 in the store. In general the price is \$2 a disc, but extraordinary items may go as high as \$25.

There is a homey atmosphere about the place: old stuffed chairs, wine served on occasion, a kitchen in the back where Mr. Flynn cooks his lunch. There is a lot near Kezar for parking. This is the kind of store people who distribute records look to for rare LPs to complete their collections.

Open weekdays noon to 7 p.m., Sunday noon to 5 p.m. Closed Monday.

Aquarius, 4117 19th Street at Castro: small, comfortable store with an inventory of about 15,000 records at "people's prices." About half the business is in used records, especially the rock and jazz genres. Owner-operator Tam Henderson will give you about \$1 for a good used record, in cash or trade. New records sell for \$3.98. Tam keeps a request file and promises to make an effort to find any record you want. Parking is somewhat difficult. Browsing is slow and relaxed in a woody, plant-laden ecology look store.

Music Odyssey, 3628 Geary: owned by Steve Gabor of Los Angeles, this small store carries about 15,000 records, mostly rock, current singles and jazz. The parking is fair on Geary and nearby streets. There is no limit browsing in a "heady" atmosphere (the sale of paraphernalia and posters amounts to a third of the business). For the last 3½ years, this neighborhood store has catered to young people in the area. Most of our pricing group cost \$3.99. One selection went for \$3.66 and another for \$3.44. Hours: Mon. through Thurs. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Fri. and Sat. 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Sea of Records, 716 9th Street: a shop that specializes in classical, show tunes, organ and band music. Owner-operators Don Sweet and Bill Madamba have an inventory of some 44,000 records and will take special orders. Used records amount to about a third of the Sea's business. New releases are \$3.98, flat. There is a parking lot in back, no limit, no pressure browsing and expert sales help, especially in the classical area. "You'd think more people would know about us. We've been here 20 years." □

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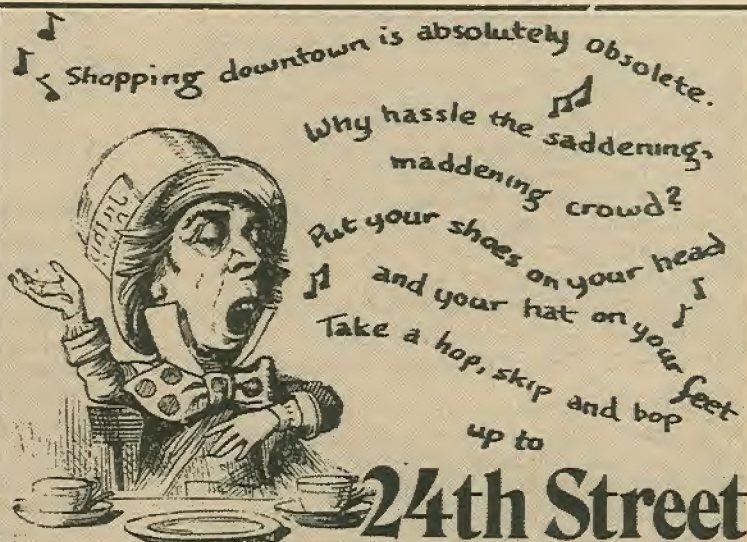
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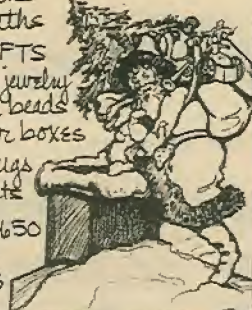
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Illuminating Ghetto Drama, And a Dose of the Bible

By Rolfe Peterson

BLACK GIRL, *Neighborhood Theatre, UC Extension, 55 Laguna, Fri.-Sun., 8 and 10 p.m., thru Jan. 6. For info. call 861-6833.*

Many recent plays depicting the Black Experience have made it almost commonplace to see another ghetto drama in which strong maternal figures, abandoned by their men, raise families that include one tender adolescent aspiring to something better. "Black Girl" is a simple Cinderella story in this genre, a one-act play by J.E. Franklin that mixes a forthright sentimentality in the Cinderella character, a rowdy humor in her vulgar, contemptible stepsisters and her absentee stepfather, and a lingering resonance and meaning in the more complicated character of her mother.

In addition to illuminating the Black Experience for those of us who still have a lot to learn about it, it entertains. John Cochran, producer-director for the Neighborhood Theatre, has assembled a cast mainly from local colleges. He has imposed on them a professional pace and attack without disciplining the life out of them. Their uninhibited, naturalistic style seems to come in a straight line from human behavior, not from textbooks. I've had textbook acting up to here, what with the ACT and all, and I felt some electricity when this semi-pro company threw the textbook out the window and just swung. The bitchiness and foul mouth of Lovey Barnes, for instance, have the cadences and venom of real bitches with real foul mouths.

Erma Rutland is particularly good as the bitter, sharp-tongued mother. Jerri Hayes, as the adolescent dreaming of ballet and other Finer Things in this snake-pit of misery and pettiness, is fresh and likeable, but I think that Cochran has allowed her to react with youthful petulance in a few exchanges where a maturing, deeper kind of emotional reaction might give the lines more force and meaning.

But what's a bit of uncertainty or inexperience in a company as vigorous and generally professional as this? The Neighborhood Theatre is well worth finding. The search begins at the corner of Haight and Buchanan, where signs direct one through the maze of the UC Extension campus to an unpretentious room where John Cochran brings devoted theatre-goers and strong actors together for living theatre.



THE MYSTERY CYCLE, *A.C.T. at the Geary, 450 Geary, performance days vary. Adm. \$4.90-7.90. Call 673-6440 for info.*

Meanwhile, back at the Geary, the ACT has added "The Mystery Cycle" to the repertory. The company is to be commended for showing the modern audience these roots of the Elizabethan Drama, and Nagle Jackson is to be commended for compiling, adapting and staging them with taste, dignity and a sense of humor.

The Cycle is eleven of the Mystery Plays performed in the 14th and 15th centuries by Guildsmen re-enacting Bible stories for the simple Christian believers. If you are a simple Christian believer you might find powerful and affecting theatre in these naive depictions of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, Joseph and Mary, Noah and all that crowd.

John Hancock plays God with dignity and authority, and I can almost believe he pulled off the Creation. This is a Black God, and, just to even things up, there is a Black Satan, too, brilliantly played by R. Aaron Brown. Other fine performances include Deborah May as Eve, Howard Sherman as the Angel Gabriel, Ray Reinhardt as Caesar, Elizabeth Huddle as Mary, and Mary Wickes as Noah's wife. Miss Wickes is an old pro who adds some crude but welcome humor to the proceedings. Miss May and Judith Knaiz spice their roles up with some charming comedy, too, and I found some amusement in Joseph Bird's momentary annoyance as Joseph.

Under Nagle's direction, the entire cast is good. I even admired Nagle's cutesy gimmick of the three actors ingeniously entwining themselves and vividly creating the Tree of Life, bearing apples, right before your eyes. This was partly ruined for me by the predictable response of the ACT audience—oo-ing and ah-ing and a burst of applause appropriate, perhaps, to a great King Lear, but not to a cutesy gimmick. This sort of adulation of the cheap shot is what corrupts directors and leads them to believe that directors are more important than authors and actors, a delusion that can warp an entire company like the ACT.

But the main reason I did not thoroughly enjoy this imaginatively mounted, well acted production is that I am not the simple Christian believer for whom these reverent anecdotes from Holy Writ, rendered into rhymed couplets, were composed. It invalidates my criticism, but I can't accept the story of Abraham and Isaac as something heart-warming and admirable, no matter how well William Paterson and J. Steven White enact it. For the non-believer it is a horrid story with a choice of two possible meanings: either God is a sadist, tormenting that poor old man by pretending that his beloved son must have his throat cut; or that poor old man is a fruitcake, hearing weird voices from on high. And Isaac, that admirable symbol of meek obedience—you can't tell me he doesn't have a few parts missing, to submit to that crazy idea.

It all depends on how you feel about the Old Testament. There is a good deal of good-natured comic theatre in "The Mystery Cycle," the sort of sincere but humorous reverence that made "Green Pastures" palatable. But when the Mystery plays get Sunday Schoolish, I can feel the piety rising and cutting off my breathing.

But I am trespassing into areas not in the domain of the drama critic. "The Mystery Cycle" is skillful theatre.

And to satisfy your theatrical appetite, here are more Bay Area plays for the holiday season. (For other holiday events, see p. 20.)

STAGE

"AUTO-DESTRUCT," opens Dec. 14, Magic Theatre, 2485 Shattuck, Berk., 548-6636.

"OLD TIMES," Dec. 14-17, 8:30 p.m. Gill Theatre, UC-SF, 2130 Fulton, SF, tickets at Macy's.

FREEWAY BARTER THEATRE, Dec. 18 and 28, 8:30 p.m., Neighborhood Arts Theatre, 55 Laguna, SF.

"BETTY GABARGABA'S GEEKS," Dec. 20, 27, 8:30 p.m. Intersection, 756 Union, SF, 397-6061, \$1.

PACIFICA SPINDRIFT PLAYERS: "The Emperor's New Clothes," Dec. 22-23, 29-30, 8:30 p.m.; Dec. 31, 2:30 p.m. Oddstad Park Playhouse, Crespi Dr., Pacifica.

"FOUR ON THE FLOOR," every Thurs., Fri., Sat., 9 p.m. Upper Bar, Savoy-Tivoli, 1438 Grant, SF, \$1.

"ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST," Tues.-Fri. 8:30 p.m.; Sat. 7 p.m., and 10:30 p.m., Sun. 7:30 p.m. Little Fox Theatre, 533 Pacific, SF.

PITSCHER PLAYERS, every Fri./Sat. Intersection, 756 Union, SF, 397-6061, \$1.

WING, improvisations, every Thurs. Intersection, 756 Union, SF, 397-6061, \$1.

"STAB AND DANCE," opens Jan. 3, Firehouse Theatre, 1572 California, SF, 441-2936. □

A Jolly Marin Oliver

By Irene Oppenheim

OLIVER, *College of Marin Theatre III, S.F. Theological Seminary, 27 Kensington Rd. San Anselmo, Dec. 13 thru 17, and 19 thru 23, 8 p.m.; mat. Dec. 16, 2 p.m. Adm. \$3 adult, \$2 student. Info. and reservations 454-0877.*

"Oliver," Lionel Bart's adaptation of Dickens, is one of the world's better musicals: it has a solid story line, some good songs and lots of atmosphere. And all the show's strong features are evident in the current production by the College of Marin.

The players are non-professionals, gathered from both the college and the community; they make up with enthusiasm what they lack in polish. Steven Hay as Oliver, for example, can't sing (a lack that's distracting in his solo numbers), but he has the perfect look of Dickensian melancholia.

For the most part everyone is surprisingly good. I liked Nancy Paris as the devoted, husky voiced Nancy, and Robin Williams hammed up Fagan enough to nicely dominate every scene he appeared in. He's quite a talent.

The show provides a painless evening of schmaltzy entertainment, complete with costumed ladies selling gingerbread men in the intermission and the cast handing out balloons and candy at the end. Well worth the price (which is very reasonable itself).

IMPROVISATION INC., 149 Powell St. Every Fri. and Sat., 8 p.m. Adm. \$2.50, info. 397-5534.

The Committee's corpse was barely cold before Improvisation Inc., a group which has played the Bay Area outside SF for some time, stepped in to fill the gap it left. But don't get your hopes up. This is a very, very poor substitution.

Improv. Inc. presents shows totally improvised from the audience's suggestions, never using set pieces like the The Pitscher Players do or The Committee did—so every show is quite different. With The Wing, another improvisation group working completely ad lib, the



Robin Williams as "Fagin" and Steve Hay as "Oliver" in Lionel Bart's "Oliver!"

results of this technique are very entertaining; with Improv. Inc., they are embarrassingly bad.

The nine performers I saw (they have a group of nineteen who take turns performing) were absolute amateurs. They have no political or social acumen, the qualities that make improvisation work. And instead of developing skits using characterization around the audience's suggestions, they tend to simply play games.

One game (of day camp vintage) is the round robin story: each actor continues a story where another left off, if he falters or repeats a word, he has to "die." These improvised deaths are supposed to be amusing, but after the seventh person fell to the floor, it wasn't funny. That's one of the group's more successful efforts.

I left after the first half of the show, missing a process called (for some unknown reason) "Harold." In "Harold" a viewer asks a question, such as "How can I be happy?" The actors use this question to start a long improvisation that fills the entire second part of the program. "Harold" sounds like it might be interesting, but from what I saw, that's a remote possibility.

"THE NUTCRACKER," *The Opera House, thru Dec. 27, Adm. \$2.75-\$5.75, Info. 397-0717.*

The Nutcracker is here again—but the current production by the SF Ballet is about as stimulating as an issue of The Reader's Digest, the dancers are evidently saving their energies for better things. But the ballet is pretty, full of theatrical magic such as a giant Christmas tree that grows before your very eyes, a dancing bear and military mice.

SHORT TAKES AND BEST BETS

Carlos Carvajal's company, Dance Spectrum will appear Dec. 15 and 16, 8:30 p.m. in The Wabe, Lone Mountain College. Adm. \$2.50 general, \$1.50 student. Info. 824-0609. They are doing some excellent dances, including Carvajal's ballet "Textures" set to the music of Takemitsu. It is a particularly beautiful work, worth many viewings.

"Yerma," the famous Lorca tragedy, was recently performed in Berkeley by The Nuria Espert Company, an avant-garde Spanish group.

The acting was good, the costumes—taken straight from Goya's etchings—very impressive, but the real star of the evening was a machine, a contraption that simply dominated the dramatics. It rested on the stage like a giant trampoline and all the action of the play took place within its steel circumference. Part of the canvas could be raised to make hills or caves, or it could be tightened or slackened in response to the action of the play (at one point the canvas created a backdrop on which people clung, a vision of the inferno).

But the final results were disappointing; mechanical virtuosity and intense human drama don't mix too well. They vie with one another for the distracted attention of the audience.

The Committee will be revived for one last gasp during the holidays, Dec. 15-31, with a special New Year's Eve midnight finale. Call 392-0807 for info. □



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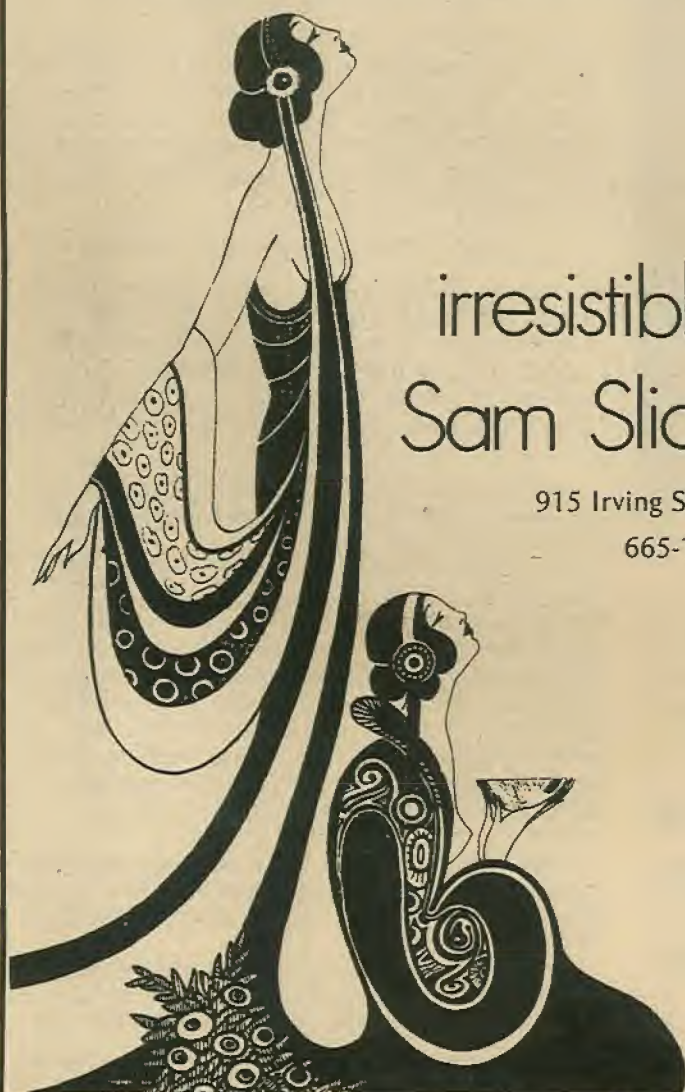
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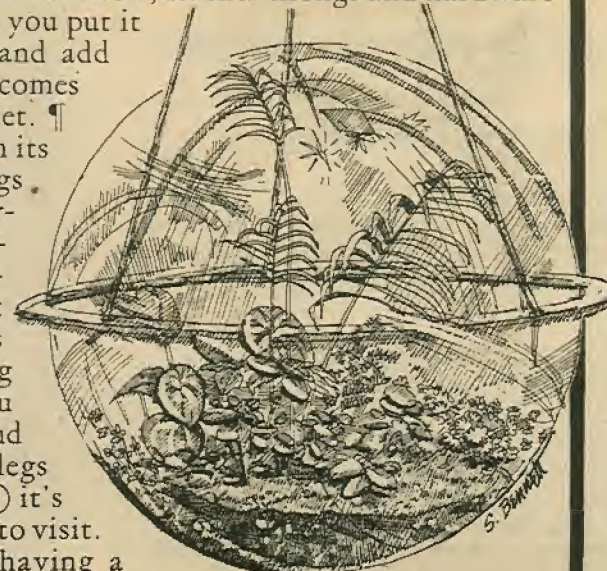
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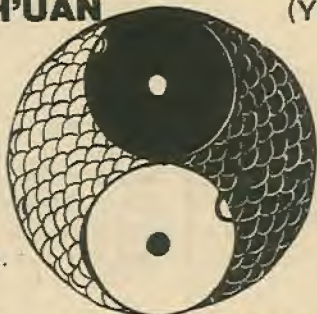
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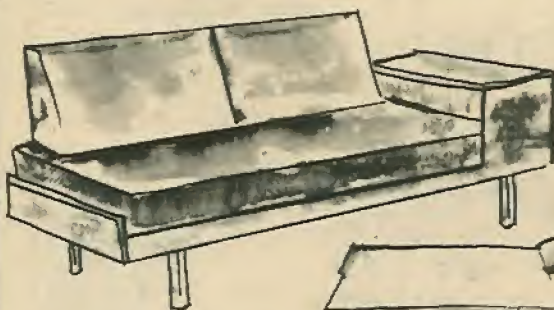
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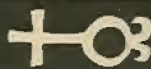
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Cheap Eats! Chomping Your Way Through The Mission

By Marion Bulin

"Disappointment—the bitter fruit of the sweet tree of hope. . ." —*Collected Poems of Emily Widemark.*

First, gentle readers, to introduce new fans and critics, and to remind old ones, of the purpose of this column.

Cheap Eats is devoted to gourmet eating under \$3.00 (sometimes not gourmet, sometimes \$3.50).

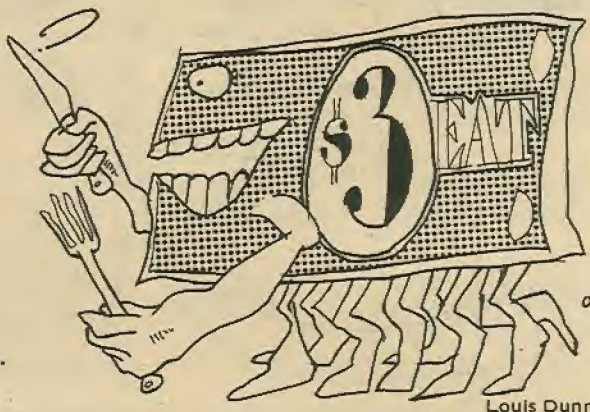
It is drawn from the collected experiences of free-lance writers, artists, photographers; unemployed investigative reporters; lawyers on food stamps; editors with no one to edit; type-setters who are really poets—poor people who constantly search for good food, for some kind of atmosphere (funky or charming) and for decent wine and beer.

GUADALAJARA DE NOCHE, 2981 24th St., 11 a.m.-3 a.m., Fri. & Sat. 11 a.m.-4 a.m., closed Tues.

As for disappointment, that's what the Cheap Eaters felt when they tried this Mexican restaurant touted for its tastiness.

The Guadalajara may well take the *Prix de Plastique* 1973, both North and South American Interior Decorating divisions. Captains' chairs, colonial light fixtures, a gold-veined bar mirror and neon Bud signs form a unique melange with the paper-mache Aztec wall clock and the Macy's bullfight paintings, hanging from the wall at a precarious tilt.

As to the service: one evening around 7 the Cheap Eaters were seated at the same time as a very pregnant woman and her husband, one of those thin, continuously hungry-looking men. The Cheap Eaters were served after a fair amount of time, but the obviously famished couple just waited and waited. The hungry man began to get a wild look in his eyes as he stared at the food on the Cheap Eats table. Finally, just as he seemed to lose control and jumped up to snatch the food off our plates (or maybe to go to the men's room), the waitress arrived with two large plates and a couple of side orders for the starving pair. The moral of the story: the Guadalajara is best for lunch or late dinners. The slow service at dinner time can drive men to desperate acts.



Despite being located in the Mission, the food, like the decor, is a combination of gringo-mexican and chicano-mexican.

A complicated method of statistical analysis on an acid indigestion scale is my method of judging the authenticity of Mexican food. (10.0 is perfect and take 2 Tums afterwards.) When the food is reasonably bland, 2.4, and the hot sauce on the table is terribly hot, 7.6, I feel I'm in a down home restaurant. When the food is reasonably hot, 4.1, and the salsa is mild, 2.3, I'm at a gringo restaurant. A good gringo restaurant can hit 8.5 without extra salsa but usually with extra money.

Statistics from the Guadalajara are good but definitely gringo, 5.2 for food, 3.6 for salsa.

The all time favorite appetizer for carbohydrate freaks, quesadillas (variations on a flour tortilla with melted cheese), come folded over and fried until good and greasy at 60¢.

Small combination plates, a taco and an enchilada or a tostada and a burrito, etc. with rice and beans are a good buy at \$1.95. The tostadas were good sized with lettuce. The cheese on top was not the crumbly, very salty kind usually found on 24th St., but a more mild variety like Parmesan. Though a bit skimpy on the filling and the sauce, the enchiladas were tasty. The green sauce was especially good and very mild. Above average but not outstanding, the taco suffered for lack of a hotter salsa. Both rice and beans were moist—not dried out from too many hours on the steam table. Tamales, one chicken, one beef for \$1.90, were large and spicy, with again a reasonable proportion of meat to corn meal and, again, not enough sauce.

The test of any Mexican restaurant, the flautas (three

for \$2.40) just missed being great. The carne was tender and less stringy than usual, the tortilla wrapping was fried to a crispy perfection, but the guacamole was somewhat lacking in flavor and was served very sparingly (somewhat understandable at the price of avocados today). An international if slightly incongruous touch: the shredded lettuce on the plate was topped with a large dollop of thousand island dressing.

The Guadalajara features Mexican as well as American beer—Dos Equis, a dark beer with a strong, malty, health-food-like flavor and Carta Blanca, a light brew, both 75¢.

For those whose squeamish sanitation standards and dislike of over-head neon lighting find themselves repelled from such places as the Roosevelt Tamale Parlor or La Victoria, but who want a little more authenticity and lower prices than places like El Sombrero provide, Guadalajara de Noche proves to be a happy compromise. WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM: Judy and Henri Marcel. COMING UP: Health Food Restaurants—some can taste as good as they allege to be good for you.□

Flaming Yams

By Micky Backstreet

Christmas is a festival of lights. Without much trouble you can serve appropriately flaming candied yams. Pick carefully small orange yams (the yellow or white ones are too dry in texture). They should be not much more than an inch across, though they may be long. Boil in the skins about 20 minutes, until just done. Test by poking with a fork. Drain right away.

Let the yams cool — overnight is even OK — then peel off just the tissue — like dark outer skin. Cut out any discolored spots, and slice the yams into convenient lengths. Arrange in a shallow casserole or even a deep deep pie pan.

To glaze an 8-inch casserole full, heat in a saucepan ½ cup honey and 1 tbsp. butter.

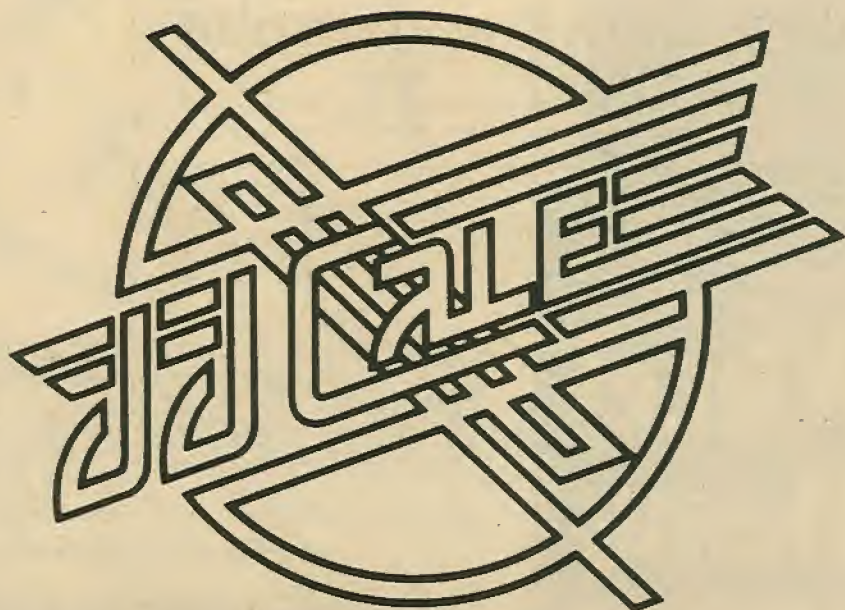
Arrange pecan halves on the yams, or sprinkle with chopped walnuts. When the sauce is well mixed and melted, pour over the yams and nuts. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon.

Bake at 375° for a half hour. While still hot, bring to the table, douse with warmed rum or cognac, and light.

Hundred-proof bonded bourbon or rye will also flame, and taste good, but please don't try vodka, gin, or sterno.

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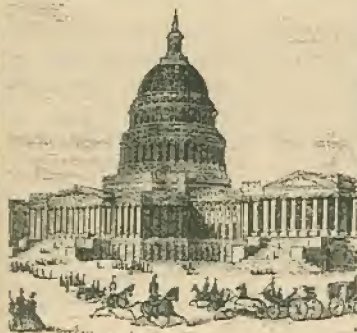
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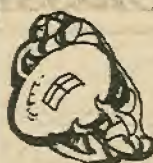
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Free

The San Francisco Bay Guardian Classified is a regular feature. We accept free classified ads for individuals. They get results: find employment (!), rent a cabin in the woods, sell your sensuous rabbit fur quilt. Keep your ad to 30 words or less; the livelier the copy, the better. Send it in again if you want us to run it twice. Deadline for ad copy: Friday noon before publication. If you're a business: check next page for business rates or call for classified display rates. Mail (don't phone) your ads to: The Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. All classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

ARTISTS & CRAFTSMEN

COUNTRY JOE/CITY SLICK—Clothes made from your design or mine. Also tailoring/repairs. Exp. seamstress/artist. Evelyn: 751-5010.

SILVERSMITH will hand-fabricate custom sterling jewelry. Stamped/appliqued designs. Prices low as possible. Robert Douglass: 861-1635 or 2320 Pine St.

PRIVATE, STAINED GLASS butterfly collection: 431-5784.

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Hundreds of clocks, all guaranteed; roltop desks; English imports; Victoriana and funk. Near Market St.
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AUTOMOTIVE

FOR SALE: 1967 VW Campmobile, fully equipped, exc. cond. \$1600. Chuck: 431-6939.

1948 CADILLAC Fleetwood. Body fine, needs new battery. Luxurious, trans. good, David: 525-2018.

1956 INTERNATIONAL HARV. Sch. bus (61 pass.), exc. mech. cond., gas stove, heater, clean int., carpeting. Must sell, \$800/offer. 453-9175.

WANTED: VOLKSWAGEN. Student needs bug or squareback, any year after 1960 that runs mechanically sound. Body any shape. I have \$150. If you can help call Joe at 665-6944.

CHEAP, GUARANTEED auto work. In the Haight. All kinds of work, all kinds of cars. \$5 per hour. Tune-ups, too. 665-3352.

FOR SALE: Cad. 4 dr. Sedan deVille super cond. Samoan Bronze. \$1350. 664-7966.

1968 VW, radio-tape player, new clutch, radial tires, chains. \$815. 632-0919.

1967 PLYMOUTH FURY, ex-police car, 125,000 mi., painted dk. bronze, looks & runs well. \$600/offer, 525-8863.

DON'T JUNK that Ford. I want '56 Ford for parts. I'll tow it away for you. David: 845-4737.

ENGLISH FORD CORTINA, 1968, 4-door maroon sedan, black vinyl upholstery, front bucket seats; radio, automated transmission, 4 Michelin radial tires, one owner, 50,000. \$250. 832-5558 (Oakland).

NEW EL TIGRE 12 volt battery. Used only one day. Had to junk my car. Battery has a forty month guarantee. Asking \$15. 387-5526.

BAILING WIRE MECHANICS: Do you know how to fix car on nothing? Wire, spit, imagination. Compiling ideas. Write: Bailing Wire, 31 Varenne St., SF 94133.

CLASSIC ENGLISH station wagon. Morris Minor 1000 woody traditional lines. Gd. interior/paint. Exc. mechanically, engine/trans. Rebuilt last spring. Classy, dependable, \$675. 322-1630.

'59 CHEV. 1/2 ton pickup. 4 speed, 6 cyl. Factory rebuilt engine (10,000 miles), generator, distributor, starter, pumps and carburetor. Long bed, snow tires. \$600/best offer. 922-7360.

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1967 VW BUS—gd. cond., newly rebuilt eng., 8-track tape player, asking \$1100. Call: 752-0666.

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FORD ECONOLINE VAN, '63, gd. shape, needs eng. work, cheap. 383-4651, eves.

VOLVO FREAKS: tired of being ripped off by loveless grease-monks? Let's get together to heal our Volvos. Write to Merrill c/o Bay Guardian.

1961 CHECKER—just the car for Bay Guardian VIP's—wonderful spacious honest car/Brand new engine—\$800. 332-1680 or Jim Brunke, Box 693, Sausalito 94965.

1965 OLDS. 442, 4 on the floor, tinted glass, power steering, body and motor in exc. cond., gd. paint, \$350. Night and weekends 841-8840, days call 869-3023.

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WILL TRADE T.V. w/UHF in gd. cond. for double bed w/mattress, box spring, frame. Jackie: 861-1635.

ARTIST wants to barter painting w/ doctor for medical services. Morris: 771-9555, Apt. 521.

WILL TRADE 3 day, 2 night vacation certificate, in Las Vegas, for work of art/antique. Send item to: 610 Texas St., SF 94107.

COUPLE WANTS to trade nice, newly-painted roach-free 2 bdrm. apt. in mellow bldg. w/hassle-free landlady in N. Beach for place in Mission Dolores—Noe Valley. 986-2520.

WOULD LIKE TO TRADE berth at Berkeley Marina for one in SF. Red: 421-8051.

TRADE MUCH LOVED Mamiya/Sekor C33, 105 mm w/ extras for equally loved Nikon FTN. Leif: 398-2519, after 6.

APT. TO SWAP for cabin in Sonoma or Santa Cruz Co. 3 rms. Telegraph Hill, SF private garden, fruit trees, \$52. mo. inc. util. Ellis, c/o Factory, 468 Green St., SF 94132.

WILL TRADE my large, warm Austrian car coat w/hood for a collapsable bike or regular 3 spd. in good cond. Call George: 843-7189.

BOOKS

GUARDIAN needs reference books, dictionaries, film books, almanacs, grammar books, anything to keep us honest. Bring to 1070 Bryant or call Merrill 861-9600.

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EMPLOYMENT

CARPENTER WANTED to convert basement into studio apartment, other minor housing repairs. Trade for free rent, photographic services, whatever. Call Ron 566-4095 eves/weekends.

MUSICIAN NEEDED—someone who can improvise to "street theatre piece pieces": team improvisation. Music, movement, song, creation, plays... Donna: 863-5733.

ATTORNEY NEEDS person who spends days at home to take telephone messages (preference given to handicapped person). Call 665-2369 after 5:30.

JOB SEEKERS—We can help you find a career. Visit us today for full details and free brochure on our exclusive employment services. We are not an agency. **EMPLOYMENT COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS**, Suite 809 110 Sutter Street, 956-1616.

WANTED: Plumber w/tools to plan complex darkroom. 849-1000.

WANTED: Drywall man with Ames Machine for masonry. One job, mud and tape only. 849-1000.

WANTED: Supergraphics man interested in teaching. Small class, no lecture format, real project involved. One semester, to \$150. 849-1000.

WANT SOMEONE to drive bus (van) about every other weekend. \$42 for 15 hrs. work. You have to look fairly non-hip. Joan, eves: 333-2865.

GUARDIAN DISTRIBUTION needs a shot in the arm. We need a good routeman to hustle up some new distribution outlets and ways of getting wider circulation for our alternative weltanschauung. If you're the one call Barbara or Cecily at UN1-9600.

LOOKING FOR Girl Friday and/or housekeeper: answer phones, type, etc. David Allen, Boarding House: 141-4333.

THINK THINGS THROUGH with your hands. Basic carpentry, wiring, plumbing, plaster, sheetrock. Have gigantic erector set of project, incl. parts, tools, space. Need people. 849-1000.

PART-TIME, occasional work for agile strong person with van or pickup and steady reliable phone. \$2-\$5/hr. Neon sign repair, painting, hauling, electrical wk., odd jobs. Jon: 776-6703.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

JOURNALIST: Would-be Damon Runyan seeks work on daily paper. Exper. w/NYC daily, SF Bay Guardian, Stanford Univ. Journ. MA. Bart Anderson, 2490 Calif., #10, 567-6350.

BUNDLE OF CONTRADICTIONS seeks action job with some conscience, some money. Background: teacher, editor, writer, community organizer, poveratician, small town/big city America, south Asia. Richard: 776-7628.

MEANINGFUL EMPLOY sought by very exp. secy. Would like to talk to you if you know of job of value. Call: 885-1809.

BUS. MGR., B.S. accounting, exp. w/Guardian & Rolling Stone. Contact Paul: 824-5225, eve.

EXPERIENCED RECORDING engineer w/own equip. seeks job. Full time pref. Will do indept. recdgs. Maurice: 841-0707.

MY PLACE OR YOURS? Freelance paste-up, layout newspaper & brochures, etc. Hr. rates and job rates. Call Michael Carden: 283-8413.

FORMER VOLUNTEER coordinator, McG campaign, needs new glg. Pol., eco., pub. svce. Exp'd. w/ phone banks, bulk mailings. Money not important. Ron: 346-1774, after 5.

EX-PHILOSOPHER, 24, seeks employment. Expertise w/ stock-wk., store, office, restaurant work, writing, massage, dream anal., bus. cycles resch., astrological consultations. Andrew: 668-1948.

MID-AGED single woman seeks additional wk. eves., wkends. Everything legit considered. Brigit: WA1-1037, eves.

DRAGQUEEN: artist, musician, actor, writer, fluent Spanish, competent Latin, Portuguese, some French, Italian, Mandarin; Amherst College Phi Beta Kappa graduate, ex-Harvard grad. student, needs any kind of work. No sex. Box 40031, San Francisco 94140.

WRITING OR CLERICAL pos. wtd. by self-starter. Can compose letters, type 80 wpm accurately. Capable of diversified wk. in adv./promo. Start immed. 994-1161, 992-6644, D.C.

FEMINIST EX-LAW STUDENT, 25, seeking p.t. employ, \$40/wk. for self-support. Background: city planner, psych., research. Tina: 665-5999.

FORMER INS. CO. ADMIN., 30, broad range of exper./interests, wants interesting, challenging f-t wk. Roger: 931-3551.

HOUSING WANTED

RETIRED, professional couple visiting grandchildren need 2 room apt. w/kitchenette, private bath & entrance—or will house-sit. Early Jan. for about 2 mos. West Portal/Parkside/Forest Hill area. 564-9264.

GUY, 27, leaving 5 years of corporation life to become art student seeks share rental. Own life & funds, easy to get along w/don't smoke. Move in aft. Jan. 1. Joe: 922-7449.

WANT TO RENT house in Berk. 2, 3, 4 bdrm. Location more imp. than price. Dave: 849-0570.

C.O.M. COUPLE nd. house rent/share round Jan. 15 before Feb. 1. Stove? Refrig? Mill Valley, Fairfax, Ross—near C.O.M. Rent \$65-125. PLEASE HELP US! Mary Ann 868-0367, eves.

LUXURY LOVING COUPLE w/dog seek elegant furn. sublet from Feb. 5-Apr. 15. Price no object. Desire SE or Sausalito. 936-0421.

INTERESTING F would like to live in vegetarian house or apt. I'm into gd. things, seek an envr. where I can share/grow w/others. 885-1809.

STABLE, employed SF resident selling house, needs new home in Eureka Valley—Castro Village. Seek long lease on 4 rm. flat with some outdoor plant space (just a porch o.k.), high ceilings, low rent. Will improve. Can pay to \$130. Single, no pets. Call Wm. Kent 861-3169.

FACULTY COUPLE desires 1 1/2 or 2 bdrm. flat/house in Marin/Sausalito/Berkeley Hills to \$250. Reward! 648-4536.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks charming flat. Fireplace, garden, to \$240. Call: 845-2190, 845-2191, days or 661-5880, eves.

STRUGGLING CRAFTSMAN needs sm. house/cabin in Marin. \$50-\$150 rent. Will also consider sharing rent w/someone. Steve: 648-5573.

BLACK CHICK needs place (pref. house) free or cheap 'til established, to do counseling, run groups & do inter-cultural training/consulting. Gloria: 526-3535.

HELP! GUARDIAN ARTIST and two children, aged 9 and 11 desperately need housing in Marin. Prefer Fairfax or San Geronimo Valley. Can pay up to \$175 per month. Call Kim either at Guardian, 861-9600 or at home, 457-0129.

CAMBRIDGE-SF (area) apt. switch for Jan-March, or part thereof? Have gd 5 rm apt. Want 1-3 bdrms. Write Robert Goodman, 11 Donnell St. Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

an Index to Special Advertising Sections

Arts and Crafts	16
Castro Village	8
Christmas Gifts	28, 29
College Avenue	10
Entertainment	21, 22, 23
Haight Street	15
Marina	12
Outdoor	12
Polk Street	13
Restaurants	26
Sacramento Street	16
Schools and	
Instruction	30
Telegraph Avenue	14
24th Street	26
University Avenue	10
Upper Grant Avenue/	
Washington Square	30
Wheel Deals	32



BARGAIN!

Free
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It's a free bulletin board read by more than 100,000 Bay Area residents.

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Enclose payment with ad.

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San Francisco Bay Guardian—1070 Bryant St.,
San Francisco, California 94103

COUPLE WANT TO SHARE HOUSE. Proficient in woodworking, gardening, music. Have plants, cat, sm. piano. Seek friendly people, back yd. John, Ellen: 346-2990 before noon/after 7:30.

\$25 REWARD for flat or house to \$225. mo. Sunny, stove, refrig. Must allow 2 cats. 2 girls with refs. 668-3831 eves, 396-4728 days.

COUPLE w/ small dog looking for apt. or house (pref. nr. ocean), to rent, around \$150/mo. Tom Berman: 863-2900, days/386-2264, nights.

INSTRUCTION

THE GROUP LEADER'S WORKSHOP—Monthly publication for experiential group leaders. Weekend seminars, too, and other training programs. Explorations Institute, Box 1254-F, Berkeley, 548-1004.

DANCE: Spirited modern technique classes. Relaxing, stretching, energizing static body places, strengthening for centeredness. Mon., Thurs., 10 a.m., UC Extens. Gym, \$1.50.

GERMAN LESSONS by exper., native German teacher. Conversation, literature, grammar. Reasonable rates, your home or mine. Rosemarie: 731-5959.

DRIVING LESSONS Since 1955" "Safely Better Driving School \$8.50/hr. 621-3366

MISCELLANEOUS FOR SALE

8' SECTIONAL SOFA, navy, corduroy, modern lines, like new. Must sell by Dec. 18, 921-7828.

BEAUTIFUL, HANDMADE Raggedy-Anne dolls... for only \$7. Sewing done by hand and treadle. Also embroidered animals and calico cats. Call Paula 647-4057.

WEIGHT LIFTING SET dumbbell and barbell, approx. 100 lbs \$20, 681-5057 eves.

ORIGINAL PEACE-SANTA, in full colour. Adheres instantly to any surface. \$1.25 each. Jan Norton Box 84 San Leandro, Ca. 94577.

UNUSUAL HOLIDAY CARDS. Easy to make with "Create-A-Stitchery Card Kit! Perfect gift. Stitch-up a "Xmas Basket", "Mini-Mushrooms", "Love-Panda" design. More. Each completed, can be framed 5" x 7" picture. The whole kit \$1.85. Jan Norton Box 84, San Leandro, Ca. 94577.

STRONG ENOUGH to see 4 moons of Jupiter. Expand your consciousness. My telescope will do it for you. Fine astronomical instrument! Best offer. David: 845-4737.

GORGEOUS OLD LOVESEAT with hideabed springs \$100 or best offer. Also modern table lamp \$20; sewing machine \$40. Call: 333-7836.

GARAGE SALE: 2579 Diamond St. sculpture, Xmas decorations, antique furn. & misc. Dec. 16, 17.

WATERBED—King Size—complete with liner, heater, heat regulator, wood frame. Cost \$80 sell \$45. 285-5543.

ARTIST MOVING, must sell two large orig. sculptures: "Earth Jazz I" and "II"—very exotic—organic—funky and unusual to say the least. 921-7828.

BROWN LEATHER COAT. Size 12. Worn once (too big). Cost \$130. Sell \$75. 824-4497.

RUMMAGE SALE to benefit men's & women's soccer teams Dec. 16 & 17 at 341 So. Van Ness nr. 14th St.

HOLIDAY CARDS, Women for Peace Artist Richard Correll's print, message "Peace is a human right" card, avail. at low prices at 50 Oak St. or call 863-7146 bet. 11 and 2.

UNUSUAL GIFTS handmade to order. I crochet, embroider, applique, knit, macrame, sew. Free est. 841-9462.

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MOTORCYCLES

MOTORCYCLE!! YAMAHA!! 250cc., 1969, exc. cond. Have to sell!! \$300/offer. Tom: 333-1133.

69 HONDA 350CB, chopped, just tuned. \$200. 665-7088.

HELP! MY YAMAHA is on the fritz. Are there any honest motorcycle mechanics who can help or some Yamaha freaks who would like to get together to get our bikes workin' fine. Howie: 647-7729.

1971 HONDA SL350—beautiful cond., very clean. 2 helmets plus security chain. \$550/offer. 926-0670, eves./weekends.

BULTACO ROAD BIKE for male w/sexual identity problems. 752-9318, late eves.

GENEROUS REWARD (no questions) for return of Honda 450 stolen 11/2, Richmond. Even more generous reward for flink that gives me the bastard who stole it. 752-9318, late eves.

RIDE IN RAIN on nifty little Austrian motorcycle—positive heart attack prevention. 1500 ml., \$300. 282-9290.

MOTORCYCLE: Suzuki X6-250. Reblit., ex. mech. cond., \$250. 928-2656, late nights.

71 HONDA MINI-TRAIL 50, full lights and speedo, street legal. Tool kit and manual. Only 1560 ml. \$185 firm. 755-1483, eves.

1971 HONDA 350 cc, \$350/offer. Paul: 564-2814.

MUSIC

LIVE HARP MUSIC adds celestial touch to any occasion. Concert or Irish (small) harps. Call Beverly 655-9178 or Roxanne 841-0471 to arrange for your own private angel.

ACCORDION, like new, make offer. Orig. cost \$400. 843-8857.

FREE STORAGE for your piano—Going away? Moving? Don't want your piano, lonely, neglected, wood unrolled, getting out of tune? Let me take care of your piano free. Responsible loving care. References. Call 731-3193.

PIANO, upright. Good cond. \$150. 863-4969.

12 STRING GUITAR, handmade in Mexico. \$80. 648-2985.

FLUTE FOR SALE, \$50. French horn, \$50. Call 863-2821 or 1370 California, Apt 311.

ONE BUNDY CLARINET in exc. cond. Seldom played. Am selling it for kindly older woman. \$45. 387-5526.

CASSETTE TRADE? Will make cassettes of your choice from my record collection in return for same. Bill: 829-3156 eves.

FOR SALE: Fender Stratocaster Guitar—maple neck—exc. cond.—plus fuzz tune—both \$175. Bob: 981-4396 after 6.

NEW GROUP doing original blues and soft rock—we need flute or mouth harp musician, and conga percussionist. Possibility for paying gigs. Jan: 548-8454.

LESSONS FOR DRUMS, VIBES, marimba. Beg., Int., or adv. Doug: 752-0666.

WOULD YOU LIKE to get rid of that piano just sitting in your home? We'll haul it away for free. Chuck: 861-9204.

GIBSON BASS EB3, old, great cond., neck & action are perfect, both pickups are new w/case. \$200. Dennis: 454-8421.

STEREO, Zenith portable only 12 weeks old, unique cylindrical speakers, wood cabinet, dust cover, for \$100, 1/3 less than new. 885-3358.

GUITAR LESSONS—All styles & elec. bass by the smiling professional Bob Davis: 863-5932.

OUTDOOR

MASK, SNORKEL, FINS—aqua lung mask, Scubapro Jetfins (size 12), and rubber booties. \$10. 775-1759.

FOR SALE: CAMPER. Converted Ford rescue vehicle. New engine, walk-in rear w/double bed & child's bed, stove, icebox, wood-panelling. Must sacrifice due to personal problems. \$1100. 431-3980.

SKI RACK, fits trunk of American car, 6 skis, locks. \$18. 285-6879.

BIKES, girls 20" w/training wheels & 26". \$25 ea. Ex. cond. 386-7896.

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IT IS ALSO A FAST AND ELEGANT BIKE—MOVE UP TO ONE!

In San Francisco, see it at: Fulton Street Cyclery (3038 Fulton, near 7th Ave.) American Cyclery (at Frederick & Stanyan) Ferguson's Cyclery (3620 Wawona, near the Zoo)

BRING THIS AD AND GET \$5 OFF ON PURCHASE OF ANY COPPI BICYCLE

TENT: 2-3 man, lt. wt., gd. cond. Suitable for winter. 752-4599.

WOMEN'S 26" BICYCLE: 3-speed, good cond. \$40. 775-1759.

SKI BOOTS size 6 1/2. \$10. 648-2985.

2 PAIR KASTLE SKIS, CPM 70, 190 cm used one season. \$65. ea. 621-2594, eves.

GOOD BIKE! GOOD PRICE! 10-speed Ligte. Lugged steel, 22 1/2" frame, alloy handlebars, leather saddle, saddlebag, lights. My father rode it twice. \$120. Chromed car carrier \$15. 982-7980.

3-SPD. RALEIGH girls bike, new cond., hardly used, Union gen., 6' chain with padlock incl. New \$120., sell for \$75. Kim: 848-4375.

SKI FOR CHEAP: barely used ski boots, 7 1/2 & 10 Reiker lace-ups, \$10 ea; 5 1/2 Kastinger buckle, \$20. 548-3826, eves.

GIRL'S 20" STANDARD bicycle, red, good cond., ex. Xmas pres. \$15/offer. 626-6325.

SKI BOOTS: Lange Competition. Men's sz. 8, top cond., worn twice. Orig. \$175, now \$100. Ski poles (new \$20) now \$10. 285-9979.

PERSONALS

WRITER, new to Bay Area, wishes to communicate w/brother artists. Just seeking friends, nothing more. Richard Palmer, 92 7th St., 621-0426, ext. 707.

RON CABRAL, X-Q, please call me at 775-9850, No. 209. Jimmy the Face. If not in, please leave message.

JUPITER EXPRESS, Information center for personal growth serving the gay and bisexual community. Classes, activities, groups. Call for current schedule: 771-0213.

SINGLES encounter drop-in. Every Fri., 8 p.m. Exp'd. guide. \$3 incl. refreshments. 1321 Grove, Berk. Call: 525-4539.

KAZOO TO YOU TOO! People near Berkeley wanted to form Kazoo band of Xmas Carolers—obviously "Kazooliers." Only dedicated holiday freaks (any holiday) need apply. Cathy: 254-4919.

MAN SEEKING ENTRANCE in M.F. A. program needs references from professionals with background in humanities. 771-7782, eves.

IN SEARCH OF GIRL filled w/joy of living; joke, dance, read poetry, enjoy music—happy, joyous person. Saam: 841-7195, eves.

FILM-WRITER needs subversive stock broker or economist w/intimate knowledge of stock exchange to serve as technical advisor for project dealing w/market capers. 928-4067.

BACHELOR, 27, would enjoy corresponding with mildly introverted woman. I'm understanding and sensitive toward quiet, domestic types. Joe Kempkes, 2251 Jackson, SF, CA 94115.

RIPE FANTASY? Technicolor imagination? Tired of pulling train for some popcorn shoe who'd rather be out fistfighting Red Chinese? Give yourself a break—call me! Bizarro—SF, Directory or 411.

PREGNANT? Call us anytime 653-2130. Pregnancy counselling and abortion referral. Total cost for abortion \$165. Women counselors are with you through termination of pregnancy. Feminist Women's Health Center.

MORI—Sorry I couldn't get hold of you. Missed Trial-broke foot getting off "N" car on Market; smashed by caterpillar: please come see me. General Hospital. Samm.

IMAGINATIVE CYNIC, creative pessimist, artistic manic-depressive and anti-social recluse? Achieve the impossible, attempt the absurd? Me too. Linda, Box 3011, Berk., 94703.

ALL EARTHQUAKE FREAKS—come to Ocean Beach, Jan. 4 at 9 a.m. for last tribal smoke-in and celebration.

ANYONE INTERESTED in producing illustrated version of the ill-fated Prop. 18, please contact Harrison Benuti. Especially needed: woman w/ her own whips; man capable of prolonged turpitude; several "affection-trained" animals.

CHUTZPAH—Jewish gay brotherhood. For info: 285-8110 (SF), 548-9312 (E.B.)

WANT TO BUY A CAR? Short on cash? New in the area? Bad credit? Just div.? Call the Credit Mgr. 756-7071.

SAM, why didn't you show up at Ruchell's trial? I missed you. Mori.

COLLECTING FOOD for unfortunate children for Thanksgiving & Xmas. If you can donate food, toys or know of resources, please write P.O. Box 15081, SF 94115.

COUPLE, EARLY 30s, w/2 kids tired of dull eves. w/upright people, seek contact w/friendly, sociable cpls. If you seek friends, call us. Not a sex ad. 878-5329.

INMATES COMMUNICATION workshop desires interested persons to donate time, effort, energy in conducting research for its proposal for an "Ex-convict or out-mate college." Write: Carl Baker, chairman (ICW), P.O. Box 67, San Bruno, Ca. 94066.

2001, ALTERNATIVE JR. HI SCH., needs some people to help us learn: Span. teacher/sci. teacher/drama teacher. 665-2423. Visit: 1385 Seventh Ave.

ENCOUNTER GROUP for the recently divorced. Berk. Exp'd leaders, ten weeks, \$35. For information, call Sandy McCulloch: 526-3322.

FREE VASECTOMY SVCS.: North East Health Center, 1490 Mason St., SF. Call: 558-2545 or 558-2545 for info. and appt.

WILL anyone who knew Bela Lugosi when he lived in SF in the 1940's please contact Barbara Hill, 4627 18th St., 863-9174.

DRIVING LESSONS

"Safely Since 1955" Better Driving School \$8.50/hr. 621-3366

ALBINO IBEX TRAINER needs work, will also box kangaroos and urain clams as bodyguards. Write Bunkle c/o the Guardian.

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PUPPIES FREE. Mixed Lab. Retrieval, Germ. Shep. etc. Gd. pets & watch-dogs. 93 Prentiss, SF, 647-3665.

KITTENS: 8 wks. 731-0835.

DOGS: don't wait until the flight. Official wooden airplane crate for your trip home for the holidays. Large size. \$30, trade w/offer. 626-7453.

ABYSSINIAN KITTENS, prestige pets, registered, show quality with papers. Sons of Champlon Arca's Karnak. Elegant, quiet, affectionate descendants of the Egyptian Cat Goddess Bast. 684-2635.

WISH TO CONTACT veterinarians, veterinary aides, financial backers, any other compassionate folks that would like to start free or inexpensive veterinary clinic in SF. Write: B Forbus, 815 B South Van Ness, SF, CA 94110.

FAT CAT needs country home. 12 lb. big mamma cat (altered) seeks loving folks in barn-like house. Good mouser. Has dowry. 626-6325.

FREE: lovely steel-grey kitten, approx. 4 mths. old, friendly, healthy, nice vibes. Please, someone give her a nice home. Call 776-6703 eves.

GREEN-EYED BEAUTY for Xmas. Fluffy, solid grey, long-haired female kitten-9 wks. Rose: 552-0308, eves., 622-2498, days.

ADORABLE LONG-HAIR KITTENS: 8 wks., 1 gray-white male, 1 all-gray female, yellow-green eyes, kittle litter box trained. Free. Rose: 552-0308, eves.

FREE PUSSY to gd. home. Black & gray kitten-cat female, 4 mos. 776-6703.

PHOTO

MEMBERSHIP in established co-op darkroom. Exceptional equipment and space. Own key. 652-1662.

PHOTOGRAPHY group forming for exhibition. Bring current portfolio. 849-1000/652-1663.

WANTED: Beseler 23C, MCRX, Time-O-Lite timer, large papercutter, large trays, Leedal Thermostatic water mixer No. 7630. 652-1663.

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SONY AV-3400 PORTAPAK w/zoom camera. Gd. shape, gd. video, \$1200. 776-6703.

BOLEX 8 mm CAMERA, 3 lenses, fades and dissolves, coupled light meter, in ex. cond., \$125. Also woman's Koflack ski boots, clip style, size 10, \$15. 282-4532.

NEW NIKKOR 135 mm f/2.8. \$160/offer. Konica 135 mm auto F/3.5, \$80 firm. Konica angle-finder, \$10. Kowa 2x auto tele-plus for Konica (works on "EE"), \$10. Vivitar 52 mm polarizing filter, \$7. 654-5976, Oakl.

35mm BESELER TOPCON SLR w/55 mm F1.8 lens (model B) \$90. 752-9468 after 5:30.

MINOX-B ultra-miniature camera—precise & fun, built in exposure meter. Very, very small & easy to pack around. \$75. 332-1680 or write Jim Brunke, Box 693, Sausalito 94965.

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CV SERIES PORTAPAK cameras, \$500 ea., w/zoom, mike. Work ok on AV portapaks. Other used video goodies, too. Jon: 776-6703.

RHINOCEROS SAYS: "Don't buy a gift. Give yourself." Candid portraits: 8x10 color, \$8.50; 8x10 B&W, \$4.50. Call Rhinoceros Photo Lab: 865-1955.

POLITICAL

LIKE YOUR ENVIRONMENT? Want political action? San Francisco tomorrow's political action committee could be your thing. Tony: 752-6407.

HOW do you feel about police TV cameras "guarding" the downtown streets and Union Square? Micky would like to know—drop a line c/o the Guardian.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

HAVE YOUR HOME cleaned for the holidays, exp., local references. Lois: 626-9311.

TYPING, part-time secretarial work, collating stuffing envelopes, odd office work. 982-2714.

PAINTERS, will color your place—reasonable hourly wage, exp., good workmanship. 647-8859 after 5.

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REMEMBER the good old days when you could put ads on sandwich boards? Those days have returned! \$150 per hour for the front or back-board. Call Jim: 392-9557, Apt. 305.

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PERSONAL/POLITICAL LIBERATION: books, posters on women's liberation, alternate life-styles, third world struggles, gay liberation, anarchism, marxism, ecology, youth liberation, men's consciousness-raising, etc. Free catalog: Times Change Press, Penwell-G, Washington, NJ 07882.

NOW IS THE TIME to read Russian History. Exc. textbook, new cond., avail. 1/2 price: Russia A History, by Sidney Harcave, 1968 edition, \$6, 863-2590.

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JUST BOUGHT 22 1/4 acres of beautiful farm land in Lake County. Need mellow, strong people to share it and help pay for it. Call Jeff: 665-7063.

WANTED: Loft 1500 sq. ft. with about 20 ft. ceiling. Can be combined with store or unit. Buy or lease. Duval: 644-6534.

SPECIALIZING IN the unusual. Central Realty. Arlene Slaughter 6436 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. OL 8-2177 — TH 9-2976 Eve.

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LOOKING FOR A BIGGER PLACE? Will swap 3 br house, basement, garage, yard, garden, fireplace, view, great landlord, \$225/mo. on Potrero Hill for similar but smaller place to \$160. Phone 824-3267 (leave a message).

SEEK RESPONSIBLE woman to rent lg. second-story rm. in huge vict. flat in Pac. Hts. (Jackson nr. Divisadero). Adjoining bath. Warm, mellow atmos. \$88. 929-7607.

WILL RENT MY CABIN in Russian River area for week, month. 4-bdrm., completely furnished. Send for rates P.O. Box 6374, SF, CA 94101.

CHARMING MILL VALLEY apt. for rent Dec. 14-Jan. 14. Secluded except for friendly trees. Good house-hunting spot. \$225 & dept. 388-9094.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT: Oakland and SF—Studios & 1 bedrooms, David Devine Realty, 986-5521.

\$300. 1-4 PEOPLE. Near U.C. extension. Spacious, stunning Victorian apartment. 2 studio rooms with fireplaces, 1 extra bedroom. Dining and kitchen combination. 1 bath, garage, good transportation. Unfurnished or bare bones furnishings. Agent, no fee. Phone 751-0203.

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SHARE RENTALS

SENSITIVE, ARTISTIC WOMAN looking for same to share 2-story building w/backyard. Must be responsible and love cats. Separate & private living spaces - each 20 x 30 - \$100 incl. utilities. Rose Mari: 552-0308.

HAVE A FOUR-BDRM cabin in Russian River Area (furnished), would consider swapping week in my place for week in your place, Bay Area only, within 100 miles of San Francisco. P.O. Box 6374, SF, CA 94101.

2 FEMINISTS need roommate to share house near Golden Gate Park. Fireplace, backyard. \$75. No pets. Leave message, Women Counseling: 392-0400 or 665-8852.

SHARE 3BDRM. Potrero Hill house with one. Fireplace, view, yd., well-furnished, \$120. 824-4497.

ROOMMATE NEEDED. 2 women need another person in large house, semi-secluded, lotsa trees, fireplace, own room. Hayward hills. \$90. plus utilities. 582-0399.

SEEK EASY-GOING, responsible woman to rent sunny, bay-view room in simple, warm household with professional woman & 15 mos. daughter. Kitchen privileges. Eureka Valley. Rent \$110, negotiable. 282-3027.

TECHNICIAN-IN-EXILE seeks stable roommate to man (woman) 5-rm. Victorian in lost warm corner of SF. \$75. VA 6-2817 Sat., Sun.

TWO WOMEN GRAD. students will share house w/man/woman. Let's start by discussing what's important to you/us in sharing space. \$100 rent. Call Joan: 588-5771, ext. 504 days, 333-2865 eves.

ANTI-IMPERIALIST housemate wtd. No Scorpios. Must dig godard, Regal Select beer and plants. Piano and/or pickup truck desirable but not necessary. Mori Maguire: 731-3193.

TWO ROOMMATES to share our lg. 2-story house w/us. Need one pers. to sublet from Jan. 15-March 15; other person perm. \$71/mo. 665-0136.

LARGE ROOM for woman. Rent \$100 plus util. Must be into gd. food (natural), kids. No tobacco smokers. Northside of GG park panhandle. Michael, Phyllis or David: 931-8932, 921-1418.

DESPERATELY need girl roommate, 30-ish, to share large Sausalito furn. apt. Privacy, Bay View, fplc. Close to bus. \$130/mo. Jill: 771-7000, 332-6765.

WOMAN OR COUPLE to share flat in Mission Dist. Own 2 rms. \$75 plus half util. Larri: 285-4032 or 285-8653.

HIP, together gay guy, independent, into arts, concerts, opera etc., looking for same to share lg. 2 bdrm. view flat. Potrero Hill. Michael: 285-8110.

SPACIOUS, SUNNY FLAT to share, Pacific Hts. near Sacramento. Own bdrm. and priv. study. Open only to happy, reasonable individual w/own life and need for privacy. Reasonable pet o.k. \$150/mo. 346-0752.

SHARE 2 BEDRMS. in 3 bdrm. apt. Females \$172/mnthly. Frpl., lg. ktchn., bkyd. Great area, lg. comftble. apt. Fifth Ave. & Clement. Call Connie: 752-3285.

SHARE 2 bdrm. E. Oakland home w/ 26-yr. old European coll. grad. Pleasant, quiet, natural environment, fireplace. Avail. Dec. 1. Furn., \$100/mo., 451-0670.

SEEKING TO FORM peaceful, vegetarian Jewish-Yogic household, based on spiritual & interpersonal development. Call David before 9:30 PM: 282-5309.

AUTHOR, 28, seeks person to share quiet, secluded house in city, \$100, Gary: 431-9573.

SHOPS

GOING TO SAN DIEGO for Holidays? Visit the Golden Dolphin, Goldsmiths. Experience art you wear. 303 Third Ave. at F.S.T. Chula Vista, (714) 422-2808 5 miles south of San Diego.

CHRISTMAS BOUTIQUE at non-profit resale shop. Handmade gifts & ornaments. 1488 Valjejo. 10-4, Tues.-Sat.

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TRAVEL

LOOKING FOR ride to LA or Mex. leaving SF around Dec. 17. Can share expenses y un poco español. Arthur, 648-0658.

HEADIN' FOR WEST TEXAS in VW bus—will leave from SF on Dec. 25 or 26. Would like riders to share driving and cost. Jim: 929-7393.

WANTED: riders to Eugene, Oregon. Leaving Dec. 21. 826-8173.

GREYHOUND AMERIPASS—Do you have Greyhound Ameripass with time left on it that you'd sell. Call Robert: 387-1777.

NEED RIDE to Portland—around 20th of Dec. Share gas/driving. Chris: 664-2033.

GOING SOMEWHERE? Need a ride or riders (to share driving costs)? SF Ride Center: 824-8397.

MELLOW LADY needs ride (round trip?) to east coast on or after Dec. 17. Will share cost, driving, sing to you. Jennifer: 841-0235 eves.

RIDE NEEDED to east coast week-end of Dec. 22, week of Dec. 25th. Will share all expensive & driving. Michael: 648-0696.

RIDE WANTED from the east coast to San Francisco early in January. Pennsylvania, N.Y., N.J., etc. Will share all expenses. Kelly 626-0933 eves. 861-0375 message.

RIDE WANTED to Albuquerque, New Mexico approx. Dec. 23 by San Francisco couple with 4 year old girl. Will share driving & expenses. 929-7607.

RIDE WANTED to Tucson or vicin. for Xmas. Share driv/exp. Kathy: 665-0848.

RIDE WANTED: San Diego around Dec. 16. Will share gas & driving. Call: 731-3193 after 6 pm.

GOING TO EUROPE - would appreciate INFO on cheap or discount airline travel—info on thumbing rides by air? Possibilities? Call Mary, Susanne 826-9502.

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WANTED

THE GUARDIAN FILING SYSTEM—a pair of Cecily's jeans, were washed, causing us to lose the name of the nice person on Santa Cruz Ave. in Menlo Park, who was giving us a typewriter in exchange for a subscription. Please call Cecily at UN 1-9600 so we can straighten things out.

EXPER. FILMMAKER seeks gigs, straight or bizarre. Competent in all aspects of cinema. Elliot: 647-7729.

EXECUTIVE WANTED: environmentally oriented SF mag. seeks business mgr. or publisher w/record of accomplishment in implementing decisions; selecting and supervising advertising, marketing, and other consultants or employees; negotiating w/suppliers of goods and services. Publishing/marketing background desirable, not essential. Please send inquiries w/resume/salary requirements to: Box 1973 C/O SF Bay Guardian 1070 Bryant, SF, Ca. 94103.

WILL CONSIDER BUYING old radios in workable cond., table models only, no consoles. Will also trade. Please write Frank, P.O. Box 6374, SF, Ca. 94101.

WANTED: elegant or large dollhouse for child's Christmas present. Bill 921-2448, days.

SEAMSTRESS IN DISTRESS? Can you help a poor part-time Guardian working coll. gal keep the clothes on her back? My hand-me-down sewing machine has pooped out and I desperately need a workable stitcher for low \$ or trade-made garment. Please reply Sharol c/o Guardian.

FILM COMPANY needs well composed slides about Europe for full length feature. 921-4002.

WANTED: Ladies', children's fashion magazines and books—1940s or older. 731-8477.

All the folks....



Photo: Janice Cooper

down at Malvina's

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Cordially,

Bruce B. Brugmann

Bruce B. Brugmann
Editor

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